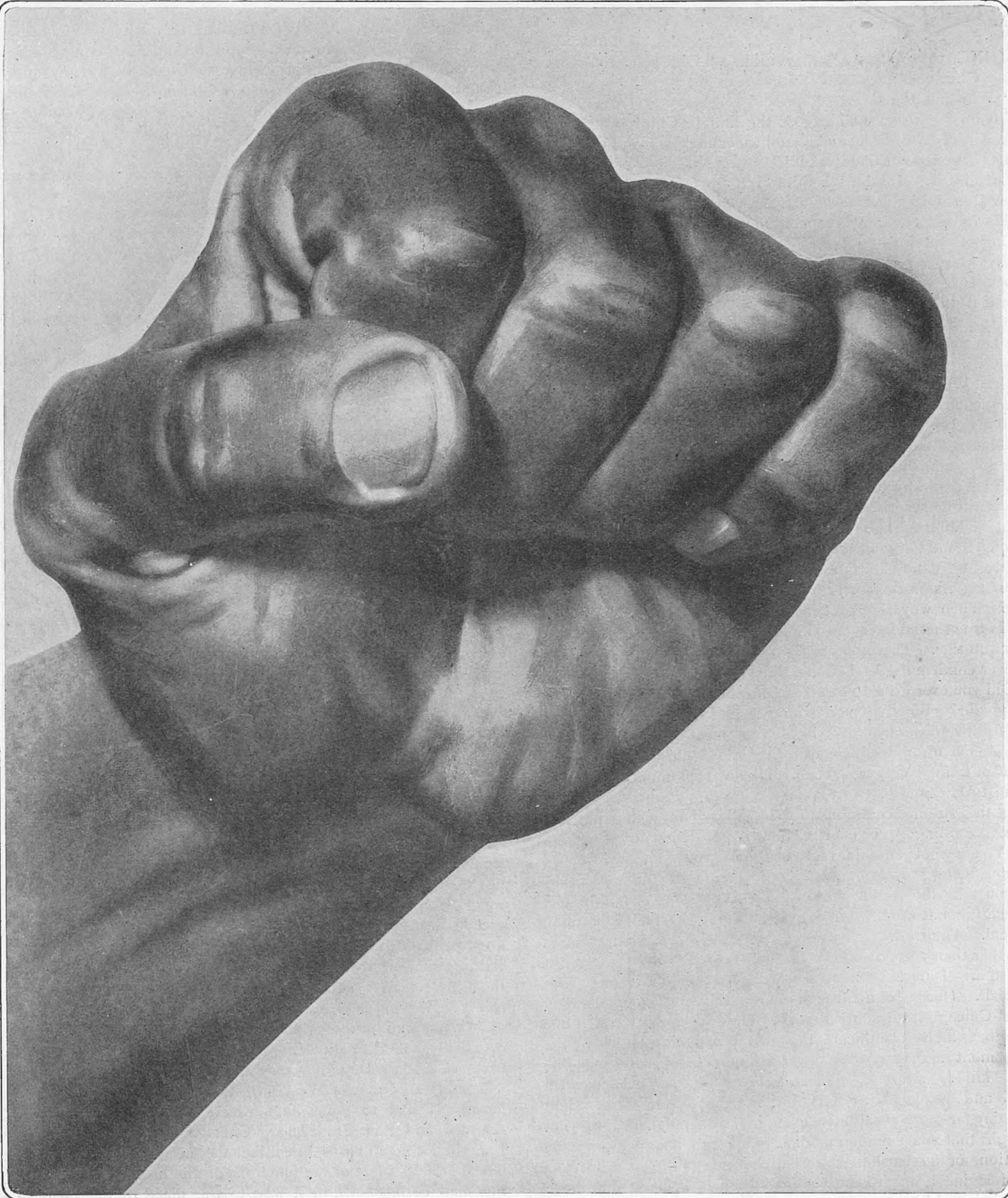


The Sketch

No. 939.—Vol. LXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



“SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE —”: ONE OF JACK JOHNSON'S FISTS.

The promoter of the great Johnson-Jeffries fight has offered to guarantee the sum of 50,000 dollars for a twenty-round fight between Johnson and Kaufman—this to be held in the Stadium, at the White City, in Coronation week. Kaufman has accepted; Johnson is expected to reply shortly.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTIEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



CHICAGO.

"GOING to Chicago?" they said. "Oh, you won't like Chicago!"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because Chicago's the limit! Chicago's the last place on earth! All black smoke, and squealing pigs, and midnight assassins! You won't like it a bit!"

"For all that," I said, "I think I'll go and see for myself." And now I want to meet those people, those prophets of misery, those thieves of a great city's reputation; and I want to say to them something of this sort—

"Have you ever been to Chicago? You have not. Have you ever met anybody who has taken the trouble to tell you the deliberate truth about Chicago? You have not. In a word, do you know anything at all about Chicago outside common hearsay? You do not. Let me tell you—

"You will be surprised to learn that Chicago has a beautiful waterway. Why didn't you tell me that Chicago had a beautiful waterway? It is just as wicked to slander a city as to slander a man. You will also be surprised to learn that this waterway is flanked by a promenade broader than Broadway and as picturesque as the Thames Embankment. Did you know anything about that? You did not? Then why talk?

"You will be surprised to learn, further, that Chicago has many beautiful buildings. The General Post Office is one of them, the chief hotel is another, and the Fine Arts Building is a third. Why in the world should Chicago be behind other great and wealthy cities in matters of this sort? Is it likely? Is it reasonable? Is it sane? Then why slander Chicago?

"It is true that animals are killed in large quantities at Chicago and put into tins. This is perfectly true. Is Chicago, therefore, to be forever condemned? Tell me, did you ever eat meat out of a tin? Did you ever go into camp, or on the trail, or on the river, or to a picnic? When a man is hungry, and fresh meat is not to be had for love or money, does he despise meat out of a tin? He does not. Far from it. He may even gorge to ultra-satisfaction on meat out of a tin. Very well, then. He owes an enormous debt of gratitude to Chicago.

"But they are not careful as to the quality of meat they put into the tins, according to you. Are they not? How do you know that? You have been told so. Are you grown up, my friend? Must you believe everything they tell you, these others? Why don't you take the trouble to call upon the meat-canning folk and watch them at work? They hide nothing. They have nothing to conceal. The truth is, my friend, that a little sensational fiction goes further than you do.

"Listen. I have been at the pains to study this matter on your behalf. I have been through one of the great meat-canning places of Chicago from start to finish. (I must not say which one because that might complicate the already fatiguing duties of the Advertisement Manager.) A lover of animals, I have seen the animals killed, stripped, cleansed, cut up, cooked, packed, labelled, and despatched. It is not a pretty sight. One might spend a day far more pleasantly, even in slandered Chicago. But it is a sight that you cannot imagine. One can imagine a volcano in eruption, or an earthquake, or an honest politician. But you cannot imagine a meat-canning institution. I know this much because, being able to imagine most things, I tried to imagine that and failed most hideously.

"You told me—you know you did—that Chicago was a place of squealing pigs. I pin you to that falsehood. The pigs about to die do *not* squeal. They remain perfectly quiet. They are human in this, at any rate. Knowing that they have to die, they

relinquish, voluntarily, the instinct of animation—which we call Life. One by one, they are caught up on a revolving wheel and whirled into the region of the Great Unknown. They utter no sound. A person, hired for the awful purpose—there is no purpose so awful that you may not hire a man to execute it—deftly slits their throats. They join a moving line of dead pigs—a line that never ceases.

"I will not attempt to describe for you the further processes. I saw them all, inquired into them all. I have detected conjurers at their work—if my friend Mr. David Devant will allow me to say so—but I detected nothing sensationally careless or slovenly in this great meat-canning institution of Chicago. Having ransacked the building from roof to cellar, I can swear to you, O ignorant doubter, that the one reprehensible feature of the whole affair is the crowd of visitors who attend solely for the pleasure of witnessing the slaughtering.

"I put this point to my kindly guide. I suggested to him that the slaughterhouse, so to speak, should be cut out of the show. 'Try it for a month,' I urged, 'and see what effect it has upon your visiting-list.' He smiled an enigmatic smile. It would not be fair to tell you what he said.

"I went further than the meat-canning establishment. I wanted to see the cans made into which the meat is thrust. Did you ever think of this—good meat may be ruined by bad cans? It is true, anyway. For the love that I bear to you, doubter though you are, I will counsel you to remove the whole of your tinned meat from the tin directly you pierce the lid. The tin will not injure the meat so long as the tin is air-tight. Let the air mingle with the tinny substance, and your meat is poisoned. That was why I wanted to see them make the tins. How in the world could they be quite sure that each tin was perfectly air-tight?

"Do you know how they manage this? You do not. You want to know. Despite yourself, you are getting interested in the main industry of Chicago. Well, I will not tease you further.

"The tins are made so quickly that a continuous line of them, a very few inches apart, rolls downhill into a tank of water. A man is set to watch that tank. If a bubble appears on the surface, this means that a tin is faulty. What does the man do? Nothing at all. The mere fact of the bubble appearing on the surface so agitates the machinery that the faulty tin is mechanically selected, and, Jonah-like, cast into a place of darkness. Have I, I wonder, made that clear? It is impossible for a tin that is not air-tight to avoid creating a bubble on the surface of the water. And it is impossible for the tin so proclaiming its guilt to escape destruction. Take my word for it, then, O doubter! the good people of Chicago are not passionately anxious to poison you. Putting their motives at the lowest, if they poison you they starve themselves. Why should the poor dears wish to starve themselves? Human nature is human nature, even in awful Chicago!

"What is to be the future of this amazing city? Will she be, eventually, the capital of the world? Stranger things have come to pass. Apart from her own industries, the traffic of the East and the traffic of the West pass through Chicago. I know that, because I had to come here myself before I could get to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Chicago is wonderfully situated. I would not go so far as to call her the heart of the United States, but she fulfils some of the functions of the heart, and her place on the map corresponds, in a way, to the place of the heart in the human body.

"In any case, my slanderous old friend, you had better have a look at the city for yourself before you utter any more condemnatory criticisms upon her. I am sure you are too wise a person, really, to be prejudiced against a city by reason of silly hearsay."

THE ENGAGEMENT OF EARL CADOGAN'S HEIR.



VISCOUNT CHELSEA, ELDEST SURVIVING SON OF EARL CADOGAN, AND MISS MARIE COXON,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Following hard on the announcement of Earl Cadogan's marriage to the Countess Adele Palagi comes the engagement of his Lordship's eldest surviving son, Viscount Chelsea, to Miss Marie Coxon. Lord Chelsea was born on May 30, 1869, was educated in England, and was in the 1st Life Guards, for a time serving in South Africa. Miss Coxon, who is about twenty-one, is the daughter of Mr. George Coxon, of Craighleith, Cheltenham. She has been chaperoned since she came out by her aunts, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, Lady Elliot, and Mrs. Bell-Irving. She made her début in Society about three years ago.—[Photographs by Cousins and Bassano.]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor: Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
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KING HENRY VIII.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
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Details of Superintendent of the Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge.

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SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE Royal Aero Club and the Public Analysts have alighted on the same evening for their respective dinners. Lord Curzon of Kedleston is soon to be the guest of the United Club at the Hotel Cecil, but not before his name has been taken very much in vain by the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association, whose reception, with Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lady Rayleigh, and Lady Knightly of Fawsley officiating, will be held at the Curzon Hotel, in Curzon Street. Lord Curzon, like Lord Cromer, is, we believe, still in opposition on the question of Votes for Women, although Mr. Balfour was long ago converted by his friend and family connection, Lady Constance Lytton. All the crowded festivities of the coming fortnight are, of course, overshadowed by the Prime Minister's and Lord Lansdowne's banquets; but, if we may slightly misinterpret the announcement, the greater scramble will be "the dinner at the Constitutional Club for Mr. F. E. Smith and Unionist members who have captured seats"!

Earl Cadogan's marriage was so surprising in its circumstances and is so interesting in its possible sequels that one must search far back in the family records to match it. Just two hundred years ago, in order to wipe out a gambling debt, Lord March was brought from school and Lady Sarah Cadogan from the nursery to be wedded according to the "boy and girl" custom of the time. "They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy," grumbled the schoolboy, after the manner of his kind. The ceremony over, the husband went the grand tour, and the wife went to her mother. A few years later he returned, happened to go directly to the opera, and asked who a very beautiful woman might be. "You must be a stranger in town," replied his neighbour, "not to know the beautiful Lady March." Let us hope that the luck was not all on his side, but that she, too, asked a friend who might be the handsome swain in the box opposite. But that, of course, is what no lady of the day would ever tell.

We have received a number of letters regarding the illustration, in our Issue of Jan. 11, of feathers worn in fashionable women's hats, and alleged to involve no cruelty to the birds from which they are taken. We should have mentioned, in connection with the picture, that the statements there made as to the absence of cruelty in obtaining ostrich and egret (or aigrette) feathers were based entirely on the authority of a French paper.

6/- MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW NOVELS. 6/-

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YOUNG LIFE	JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON, Author of "Mortal Men."
TILLERS OF THE SOIL	J. E. PATTERSON
THE DOP DOCTOR (9th Imp.)	RICHARD DEHAN
JOHN CHRISTOPHER: Dawn and Morning	ROMAIN ROLLAND
A LARGE ROOM	MRS. HENRY DUDENEY
THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUCCESSFUL WIFE ...	G. DORSET
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AN AFFAIR OF DISHONOUR	WILLIAM DE MORGAN
ANNA KARENIN 1 Vol., cloth, 900 pp., 2s. 6d. net.	COUNT TOLSTOY

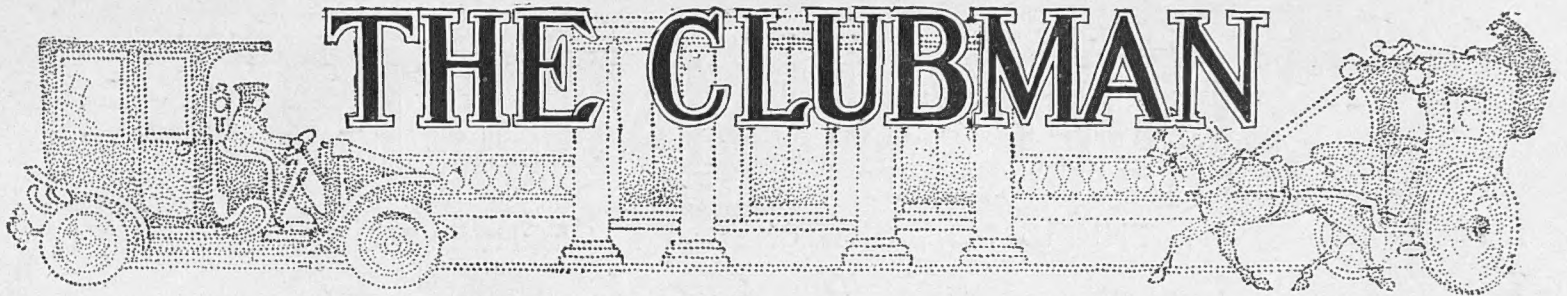
LONDON: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"TIMES" BOOK CLUB.	SIR I. PITMAN.
Home Life in Tokyo. Jukichi Inouye. 7s. 6d. net.	Eton. By an Old Etonian. 2s. net.
MARTIN SECKER.	MURRAY.
The Passionate Elopement. Compton Mackenzie. 6s.	The Valley Captives. R. Macaulay. 6s.
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The Lass with the Delicate Air. A. R. Goring Thomas. 6s.	The Inevitable Marriage. Dorothea Gerard. 6s.
METHUEN.	The Davosers. D. Brandon. 6s.
Lady Fanny. Mrs. George Norman. 6s.	Creatures of Clay. W. Teignmouth Shore. 6s.
HEINEMANN.	Off the Main Road. Victor L. Whitechurch. 6s.
The White Peacock. D. H. Lawrence. 6s.	CHATTO AND WINDUS.
T. N. FOULIS.	Billy. Paul Methuen. 6s.
The Legends of Flowers. Paolo Mantegazza. 2s. 6d. net.	SMITH, ELDER.
	Yellowplush Papers. William M. Thackeray. 6s. net.
	The Great Hoggarty Diamond. W. M. Thackeray. 6s. net.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-two (from Oct. 12, 1910 to Jan. 4, 1911) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.



The Great Club Question.

Now that the route of the procession of their Majesties going to and coming from the Abbey at Westminster has been settled, the great question which always arises in clubs before such pageants is already being argued out. That question is, Shall ladies be admitted to the club on the occasion of their Majesties' Coronation? There is always a grim and determined body of the old guard in most of the senior clubs who are prepared to resist the invasion of ladies on any occasion, and on days of minor pageantry they often have their way; but when a royal marriage or a Coronation is on the *tapis* , the attack of wives and sisters, daughters and nieces, on all but the crustiest old bachelors is pressed home with such determination that the ladies generally occupy all the front rooms of the clubs, stands being erected and balconies strengthened for their particular benefit; while some special point of vantage—a sort of citadel—is set apart for the exclusive use of the ungallant amongst the members. A lady told me this week that her husband is a member of two clubs—one a nice one and the other a disagreeable one. When I asked wherein lay the disagreeableness of the second club, she told me that the committee had already posted a notice in its hall that "this club will be reserved for the use of its members only on Coronation Day."

The King at Heidelberg.

I wonder how many of his present Majesty's liege subjects remembered until after the day of the Old Heidelberg Students' dinner that his Majesty and his elder brother had ever been students at that place of learning? The education of the two young Princes was so thoroughly Britannic and so thoroughly nautical that one is apt to overlook the periods they spent on dry land. Nothing, however, could have been prettier than the manner in which Mr. Catty alluded to the fact that the old ferryman Rohrmann and the old policeman Schmidt still remembered that summer during which the young English Sailor Prince went about in the shadow of the old castle—a lad amongst lads, kind and considerate to all. Somehow, the mention of that old ferryman and that old policeman suggests an idyll of real life.

Calcutta. The pride of Calcutta, the modern chief city of India, will be satisfied now that it has been determined that the Emperor and Empress of India are to go there for a while after the Coronation Durbar at Delhi. It is right in sentiment, and it appeals to the imagination of all the Indian peoples, that the new Emperor shall be formally announced and greeted as the ruler of all the Indies in the city of the past glories of the Great Moguls. The rulers of States, who will come from afar to offer their allegiance, will pitch their camps on the vast plain which surrounds Delhi; and the ridge with its monuments and the Kashmir Gate will be present in every man's mind as reminders of the mighty fight which

Britain made in Mutiny days to hold by the sword what she had won by the sword.

"A. K. W."

Surely no Appendix has ever stirred up such a whirlpool of talk on naval matters as that ended with the initials "A. K. W.," which follows Sir Ian Hamilton's little book (in the second edition) on "Compulsory Service." It is satisfactory, in a way, to all Britons to know that the present First Sea

Lord echoes Lord Fisher's reassuring statement that we may all sleep safely in our beds; but all those critics, chiefly of Sir Arthur Wilson's own service, who think that this country is taking matters too easily in the building of ships are angry with this authority for underrating the astuteness of our possible enemies. Reading through the Appendix, it occurs to me that the First Sea Lord takes it for granted that any possible enemy trying to effect a landing on our coasts will complacently play the part of the whale to our legions of sword-fish. The existence of little ships with sharp weapons on the enemies' side is not alluded to; and before quite sharing Sir Arthur's cheerful optimism it would be very interesting to hear the gist of those criticisms on the famous Appendix which are now being written in the Ministries of Marine at Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, The Hague and Copenhagen.



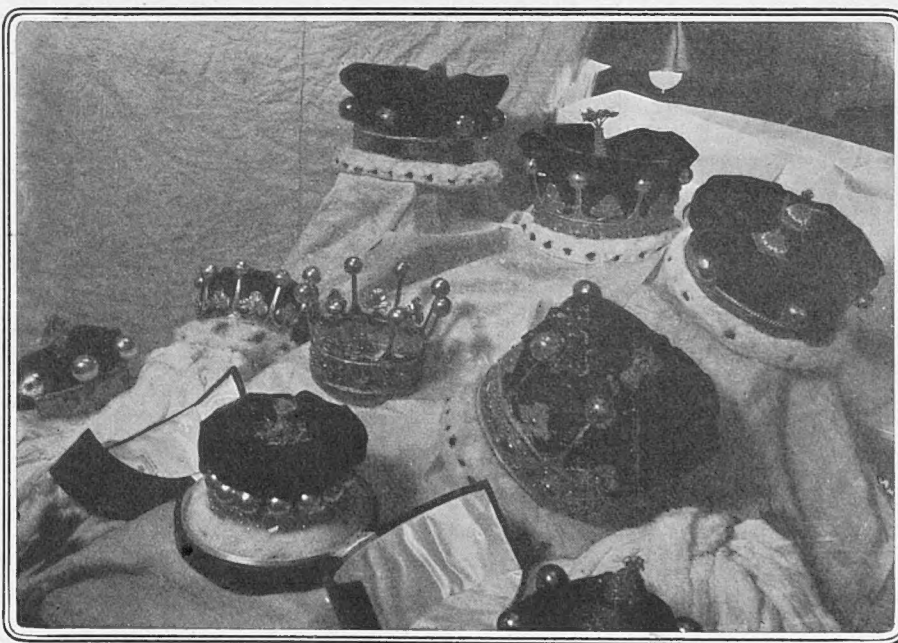
IN THE CITY WHOSE STREETS ARE GREAT "WASTE-PAPER BASKETS" FOR THE PEOPLE: THE LATEST ENDEAVOUR TO TIDY PARIS.

The stranger in Paris is rather apt to regard the streets of the city as the Parisians' waste-paper basket, for he sees them littered with handbills and pieces of paper of all sorts in the most extraordinary manner. Paris has now a new service, with a view to the tidying of the streets. It will be seen that the paper-collector is armed with an ordinary waste-paper basket and a spiked stick, and rides a tricycle-cart.

Photograph by Delius.

The Model Barracks at Windsor.

In the old days a cry was often raised, not without some justification, that while the officers lived in luxury in their mess-rooms and ante-rooms, the men, both married and single, were herded together in barrack-rooms which had to serve as dining-rooms as well as living and sleeping rooms. I can just recall in some of the Irish barracks seeing a space in the barrack-room curtained off for a married man living in barracks, and the agitation for some privacy for each man has risen since I became grey-headed in the Service. The new model barracks for the Foot Guards at Windsor might justify a cry from the officers that while the soldier is being made far more comfortable than men of his own class are in civil life, the officers are still housed in such accommodation as was considered sufficient in the days of the earlier Georges. The very urgent reform that officers should not be obliged to carry with them from station to station furniture for their mess and their own rooms was so bungled that in many cases officers would not use the rubbish supplied by Government; and though the military authorities profess to be very earnest in reducing officers' expenses, the usual answer to any complaint made by a body of officers as to housing or furniture is that the matter must be adjusted by mess or private means, and not out of Government funds. While the men of the Guards at Windsor will be more comfortably housed than the Household troops of any other nation, the officers will still have to be content with quarters which retain all the discomforts of the good old times.



THE MAKING OF SIGNS OF RANK FOR GREAT PEOPLE OF THE EARTH—BRITISH: CORONETS BEING PREPARED FOR THE CORONATION.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

SNOW which is nearly black has fallen in a valley in Switzerland. That's not much to boast of. We have had some here in London which was quite black.

"There is a good deal to be said for the hobble skirt," observed Professor Bottomley in a lecture at Willesden. But why wait to say it until the skirt has gone out?

Sir Oswald Mosley has been providing brown bread free at Rolleston Hall, in Staffordshire. The name of the philanthropist who is providing the oysters and Chablis has somehow been omitted from the newspapers.



The bachelors of Forest City, Iowa, have revolted against the modern American idea of marriage. Not one of these brave boys has sunk to the state of a "step-and-fetch-it" American husband during the past year.

You can always stop a person sleeping in the same room from snoring by whistling softly, says a morning paper. It is safe to say that whistling will never supersede a boot as a remedy in the school dormitory.

Taking an old watch to pieces and putting it together again is suggested by an ex-schoolmaster as a useful holiday task for boys. There is a most sanguine ignorance of schoolboy nature in that phrase, "and putting it together again."

Of the two new cures for whooping-cough, riding in a motor-car and living in a gas-works, it is astonishing with what unanimity invalids have selected the motor cure.

There is plenty of information in the fashion papers about what will be worn in Coronation year. For example, the waist will be worn in the Empire style, out of delicate compliment to the Dominions beyond the Seas.



Also smart women will have their smelling-salts dyed to match the general colour-scheme of their dress. This is understating the facts. The really smart will dye their faces to match their frocks.

Red will not be popular as a colour, because people do not want to be mistaken for pillar boxes. Non-alcoholic beer has been invented only just in time if there is so much danger of the Strayed Reveller of the Coronation year trying to thrust his correspondence down the throat of a Woman in Red.



Now to keep the poor little Gnu from harm, And safe from the winter chills, They've sent it off to a wonderful farm Away in the Chiltern Hills, Where a Careful Cow is engaged to do Its best to mother the Orphan Gnu.

THE ORPHAN GNU.

(Shortly after the infant Gnu was welcomed at the "Zoo" the mother died of fever. The orphan refused food, and at last the keepers had to send it to Mr. Heneage Cock's famous farm near Henley.)

List to the tale of the Orphan Gnu,
Whose poor little vital spark
Caused much perplexity at the "Zoo"
In the wilds of Regent's Park;
And eke to the tale of the keepers who
Were suddenly faced with the Orphan new.
It was winter time, in the animals' cage,
When into the world it came,
But it lost its dam at an early age,
Though the keepers invoked her name.
So the care of its Mother Gnu at the "Zoo"
It cannot be said that the Orphan knew.



The controversy on Napoleon's supposed visit to London seems to show that the Little Corporal never came over here. Anyhow, if he did come to London, it is about the only place he ever visited from which he went away empty-handed.



There is no need to worry about the Future of the British egg. It is the British Breakfast-table.

Prince George of Servia is to go to the French military college of St. Cyr with an adjutant who will help him to keep his temper. As the Prince's temper is certified to be ungovernable, it is not likely that the adjutant will have cause to complain of a dull time.

Beer without alcohol is going to be the next thing in drinks. Soon the only chance of getting alcohol will be to swallow "temperance" beverages.

The Geodetic Survey of Washington has decided that Commander Peary only got within ten or twelve miles of the North Pole, and never actually reached it. When Dr. Cook heard this he went behind a screen and whispered "Hooray!"

THE FRIVOLOUS EARTH.

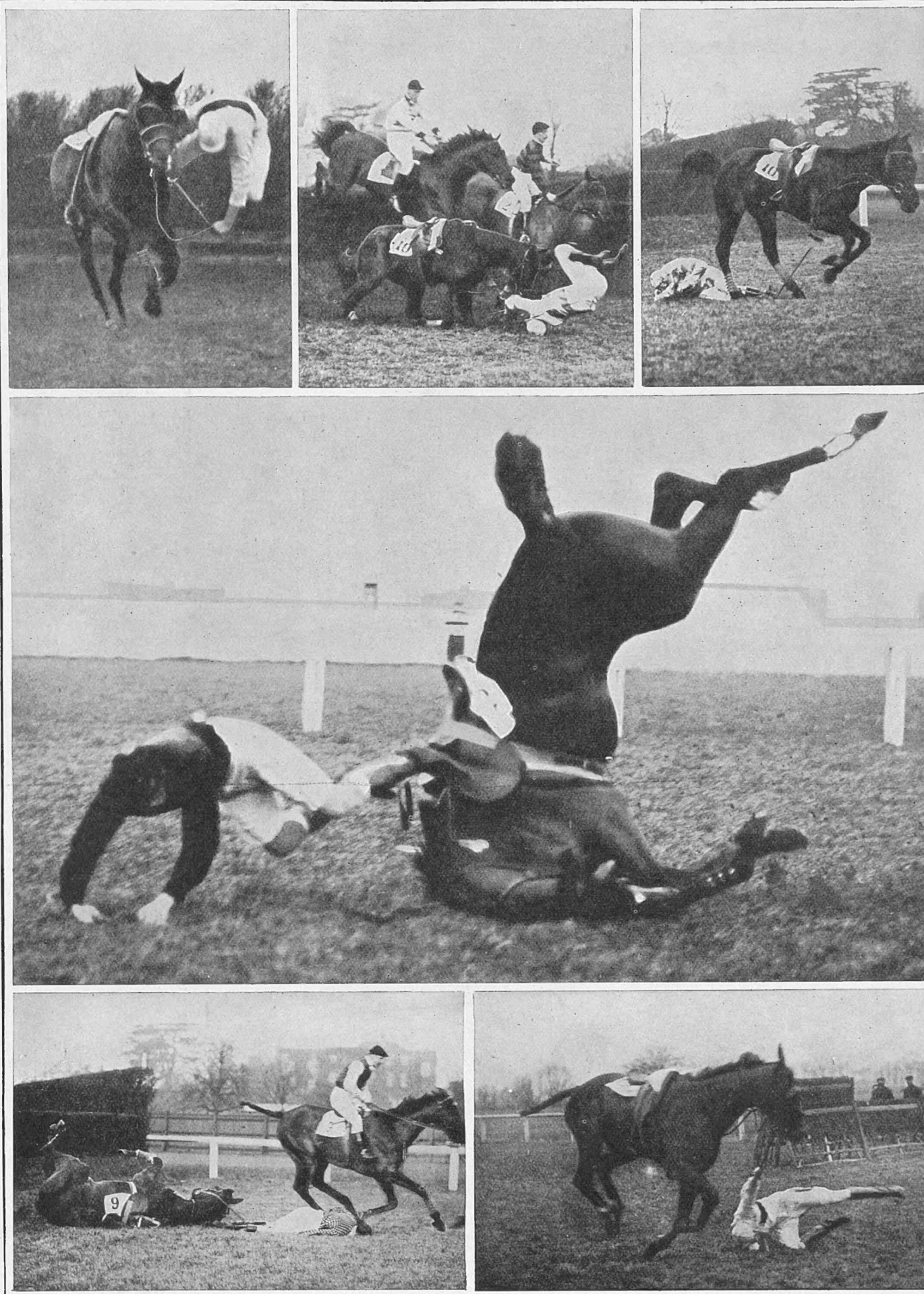
(All the planets, including our own, have turned over once, and some of them are perhaps in the course of a second somersault.—PROFESSOR H. H. TURNER.)

Oh, you ancient sinner,
What is this they say?
You're an old beginner
For such childish play.
I supposed you stolid,
Sober to a fault;
Aren't you much too solid
For a somersault?

Aged earth, the fact is,
I feel bound to state,
That I hold the practice
Most indelicate.
If you have a yearning,
Let it, to be brief,
Be, at least, for turning
Over a new leaf.



ALMOST OVER THE—STYX! SOME VERY REMARKABLE FALLS.



OVER - THE - STICKS TUMBLES: RIDERS COME TO GROUND.

It is practically impossible for a spectator to see the detail of a rider's fall. The whole affair is so quick and so unexpected that the eye gets but the scantiest of impressions. With the camera it is another matter, and the photographic plate reveals as nothing else can the extraordinary attitudes in which riders find themselves when in mishaps over the sticks.—[Photographs by Muggerridge, Sport and General, and Illustrations Bureau.]



SMALL TALK



TO MARRY MR. EUSTACE LATTIN MANSFIELD TO-MORROW (THE 26TH): MISS MABEL PAGET.

Miss Paget is the third daughter of the late Mr. Guy Paget, of Humberstone Hall, Leicester, and Mrs. Guy Paget, of 40, Grosvenor Gardens, and Shopwyke House, Chichester. Mr. Mansfield is the eldest son of Mr. George Mansfield, D.L., of Morristown, Lattin, County Kildare.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

singular number. Under the circumstances, Miss Burn will do well to pause before allotting her first dance. What if, among her clamorous partners, number one should be *the* one?

The Emancipated. That the modern girl comes prepared, and even a little blasé, to her "outing" may strike the aged onlooker, who was kept from strawberries till her 'teens, from wine till her twenties, and from cigarettes till she no longer wanted them. Lady Diana Manners, who is one of her sister's bridesmaids on Feb. 1, has already had too many temptations to improve the social occasion to be very keenly surprised or impressed by what her début has to offer her. And Lady Kathleen Hastings? Has she not already published a volume of poems, written plays by the twos and threes, and also acted in them?

Devotee Dervishes.

"Morris dances were not primarily performed for the pleasure of those who dance them," said Mr. Cecil Sharp in introducing some milder forms of rustic recreation to his audience at the College of Preceptors. Had Mr. Cecil Sharp given a Morris dance on the platform, the onlookers would have been satisfied that his own pleasure had little to do with it. No ground save mother earth is firm enough to receive the rattling and shaking inflicted

by the feet of the enthusiast who gives himself wholeheartedly to the exercise. But, for all that, Mr. Sharp makes his hobby fascinating. A peer, a painter, a poet, and a famous athlete already jump most deftly under his direction. Lady Gomme, who took the chair at his last lecture, is well known for her own study of the traditional games of Great Britain.

The Unknown Tongue.

The list of Popes who are also humourists is not a long one. The famous "Angels, not Angles" takes us back to the fifth century; and there is little or no Papal word-play affecting England after that until we come to the nineteenth century, when Pius IX. was always ready in repartee and had a decided partiality for a pun. His successor's turn of temperament was graver; but even he, Leo XIII., when still Nuncio at Brussels, was able to administer a verbal thrust, as when a certain Marquis handed him a snuff-box adorned with an undraped figure, and was asked at once, "Is it Madame la Marquise?" The present Pontiff has a name for sadness. But he had a smile the other day when he was presented by Archbishop Bourne with a copy of "The Catholic Who's Who," and, saying he gratefully accepted it, added that the English language renders it for him "a banned book."

Poet and Professor. Mr. Housman's appointment at Cambridge will be grateful to every undergraduate with a shelf of poetry books. "The Shropshire Lad" is to be found on most of them, for no book of modern verse has found so many friends. Its author must not be confused with the writer of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Miss Ellen Terry, when first introduced to the Housman of the "Love Letters," was in doubt as to his identity. She, too, had been reading "The Shropshire Lad," and had been impressed by the intensely dramatic treatment of somewhat ghastly themes. "Are you the green-mouldy one?" she queried, and the label has stuck to the brother who is now congratulated on his new appointment.



MARRIED THE OTHER DAY TO COUNTESS ADELE PALAGI: EARL CADOGAN.

Earl Cadogan's first wife, whom he married in 1865, was Lady Beatrix Craven, daughter of the second Earl Craven. She died in 1907. The new Countess Cadogan is a cousin of her husband and a daughter of Olivia, Countess Palagi, who was the youngest daughter of the late General the Hon. Sir George Cadogan.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MRS. CHARLES I. KERR (FORMERLY MISS MURIEL GORDON CANNING), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (THE 24TH).

Mrs. Kerr is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon Canning, of Hartpury, Gloucester. Mr. Kerr is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles W. R. Kerr and of Mrs. Charles Kerr, of 68, Upper Berkeley Street.



TO MARRY MR. S. C. BINE RENSHAW TO-MORROW (THE 26TH): MISS EDITH MARY CHICHESTER.

Miss Chichester is the fourth daughter of the late Admiral Sir Edward Chichester and Lady Chichester. Mr. S. C. Bine Renshaw is the only son of Sir Charles Bine Renshaw, first baronet, of Barochan, Houston, N.B., and 82, Cadogan Square.—*Photograph by Lafayette.*



ENGAGED TO MR. C. VYNER BROOKE: THE HON. SYLVIA BRETT.

Miss Brett is Lord Esher's younger daughter. Mr. Brooke is the eldest son of the Rajah of Sarawak, Sir Charles Brooke.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO LORD DECIES: MISS VIVIEN GOULD.

Miss Gould is a daughter of Mr. George Gould, the famous New York financier, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. Jay Gould. Lord Decies is the fifth baron, and has done excellent work as a soldier.—*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*

LORD LONSDALE'S RESIGNATION: THE COTTESMORE FOXHOUNDS.



1. RUN TO GROUND: THE FIELD WAITS.

2. THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND THE HON. LANCELOT LOWTHER, ONLY BROTHER OF LORD LONSDALE, AT A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE.

3. WARD FIELD, THE COTTESMORE TERRIER MAN.

4. CAPTAIN BURNS-HARTOPP AT A MEETING OF THE COTTESMORE.

5. SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE HUNT AT A RECENT MEET.

6. LORD LONSDALE WATCHING THE TERRIER MAN AT WORK.

Owing to a difference of opinion with the committee of the Cottesmore, the Earl of Lonsdale has resigned his Mastership of the pack. A note on this will be found on our "Cracks of the Whip" page.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER



MRS. EDWARD H. RYLE (FORMERLY MISS ANNE MOORHOUSE), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mrs. Edward Ryle is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moorhouse, of Spratton Grange, Northampton. Mr. Ryle, of Farnham Castle, Surrey, is the only son of the Bishop of Winchester.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

cans and rolling-stock in Cincinnati. But the statement in a contemporary that "during the lifetime of her mother-in-law she kept very tactfully in the background" is either a feeble revival of the immortal joke or a clumsy misrepresentation of the relations between the Duchess Consuelo and her son's wife.

The Earl's Heir. The Earls of Loudoun and their castle are famous for their hospitality; and the recent festivities held there in honour of the heir to the title—a nephew of the present holder—were well up to the traditionary mark. The fourth Earl "jumped for joy," according to Boswell, when Dr. Johnson visited him in 1773; and although nobody was seen to be jumping

last week, there was a broad smile spread over the broad acres of the estate. Lord Loudoun has no need to jump; he is six-foot-two with his feet planted on the ground, and besides dwarfing his relative, the Earl Marshal, who was his guest last week, he promises to make many good men small during Coronation week.

The Johnson Somersets. Johnson was less joyfully received at the table of an ancestor of the present Duchess of Somerset, who herself forgives the Doctor for a rough saying only because a lady of her house scored in her reply to it. Asked if he liked the Scotch broth put before him, he grunted, "Madam, it is a dish best fitted

for pigs." "Pray, Sir, let me send you another plateful," tartly rejoined the lady. The present Duchess relishes the jest, if not the broth. Unlike the majority of the Dukes, her husband has but one country home, and even in London they pick their way year by year among leased houses. On the other hand, they are confirmed in the admirable habit of visiting their friends. They have just left Fyvie Castle and the charming company of its owners, and before that were with the gentlest of all soldiers, General Kelly-Kenny.

Sir Robert. The Duke of Con-

naught's African labours have not ended with his return. On Feb. 22 he will be the guest of the African Society at dinner, having taken luncheon at the Guildhall on Jan. 30. Sir Robert Reid, who addresses the Chamber of Commerce on "The 123rd Birthday of the Empire's Only Continent" in the Skinners' Hall on Thursday, presided on Monday at the dinner of the already famous Poetry Society, where he was almost persuaded that rhyme is as important as reason. But not quite, even if the aforementioned title of his lecture has nothing in the least prosy about it.

To Come Out. A few days ago it was written that Lord and Lady Desborough and Lady Horner had

been staying at Panshanger "with young people." Since then the Hon. Monica Grenfell has detached herself from the youthful anonymity of that label. First of the trio lately cutting very youthful Dresden figures in a city whither they had gone to finish their schooling, she—in an ugly, unsheltering phrase—is out. Hard on her high heels will come her companions, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower and Lady Enid Fane. The year is rich in debutantes, for Lady Honor Ward—straight from the continent of Test matches—Lady Diana Manners, and Lady Kathleen Hastings are among the more immediate of the very charming company that numbers nearly a thousand.



TO MARRY MR. FRANCIS CRICHTON JACKSON ON SATURDAY, THE 28TH: MISS FRANCES ISOBEL LAIDLAY.

Miss Laidlay is the elder daughter of Mr. A. H. Laidlay, of Strathaven, St. Andrews. Mr. Francis Crichton Jackson is the eldest son of Mr. Walter C. Jackson, of Alice Dean, Swanley, Kent.

Photograph by Esme Collings.



MISS MARGARET TREFUSIS AND CAPTAIN EDGAR BRASSEY, WHOSE WEDDING IS FIXED FOR TO-MORROW (26TH).

Miss Trefusis is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Walter and Lady Mary Trefusis. Captain Brassey, of the 1st Life Guards, is the third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brassey. Miss Trefusis' sisters are Mrs. William Napier, Miss Eva Trefusis, Lady Coke, and Mrs. Arthur Crichton.

Photographs by Val l'Estrange and H. W. Barnett.



TO BE A BRIDESMAID AT THE BRASSEY-TREFUSIS WEDDING: MISS RUBY BRASSEY.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



TO BE A BRIDESMAID AT THE BRASSEY-TREFUSIS WEDDING: THE HON. SYBIL FELLOWES.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

IN-THE-BOX EXPRESSIONS: THE HOME SECRETARY AS WITNESS.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE INQUEST ON THE REMAINS FOUND AT 100, SIDNEY STREET: SNAPSHOTS DURING THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN'S HALF-HOUR OF EVIDENCE-GIVING.

Mr. Winston Churchill was the chief witness on the last day of the inquest at the Stepney Coroner's Court on the two men whose charred remains were found in the ruins of 100, Sidney Street, after the "Battle of the East End." He was in the witness-box for half an hour.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Henry James Play.

In the multitude of critics there is contradiction. Some appear to regard the Henry James play, called "The Saloon," now presented at the Little Theatre, as a masterpiece, whilst others are far from kind about it. Some find in it the delightful style of his novels, with its qualities and defects, whilst others seem to think that if Miss Kingston had kept to her original policy of not mentioning names, nobody would have discovered that the author was

Mr. Henry James, or any other brilliant man of letters. And again, some found the work a subtle, thrilling adventure in the realms of the eerie, the weird, and the supernatural; whilst others found it a rather clumsy, somewhat old-fashioned, commonplace ghost-story. I, alas! reluctantly belong to the others. Anxious,

Pinero standard of subtlety. Moreover, in the case of a play, however comic, which does not criticise life or tackle any of its problems, I should have preferred a pleasanter set of people for my associates during the evening, or at least should have liked a sprinkling of amiable folk. One comes away from the play with increased admiration for Sir Arthur's skill as a playwright, and from the theatre with one's respect for human nature sensibly diminished. The merit and cruelty of the piece is that, whilst the imbroglio is farcical, the characters belong to comedy, and are painfully true: they do not behave in such a way that the plausibility is the plausibility of comedy; yet the author's skill is good enough to make them credible, recognisable, and disagreeable specimens of our race and society. Except the strictly religious, Puritanical wife (who would have been quite unattractive but for the indisguisable personal charm of Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who played the part admirably), there is not a person in the cast of any importance that can be called attractive. From the precocious Myrtle, in the precise formality of whose speech one seems to see the author making fun of some of his former characters—such as the hero in "Lettv"—to the offensive Mr. Panmure, quite a repulsive person; from Dulcie, who keeps flinging the bad grammar of her rich betrothed into his face before strangers, to pretty Miss Quarrendon, who has no prejudice against falsehood, and is a mercenary little minx, they are an unlovely crew. The people who dislike Ibsen's plays because the characters are "unsympathetic" may be a little horrified by Mr. Panmure and his friends, and it must not be forgotten that these characters are employed in "a comic play," which contains no criticism of life or study of its problems.

The Performance. One enjoyed "Preserving Mr. Panmure" more than one enjoys the recollection of the piece. It is vastly clever, and, on the whole, is remarkably ingenious and resourceful, so,



Frank Bolt (Mr. Paul Arthur). Madge Bolt (Miss Ellis Jeffreys).
MADGE BOLT CHAFFS HER HUSBAND, FRANK BOLT,
CALLING HIM "BALDY."

thoughtful consideration does not enable me to discover the delicacies of style in dialogue manifest in "Guy Domville," or to overlook the clumsiness of the needlessly numerous entrances and exits; and I must regretfully say that there is no place in my scheme of life for the dear old family ghost which is as concrete, if not as massive, as the famous performance of Hamlet, in "Great Expectations," an assertion that can be made without a risk of denial. At any rate, "The Saloon"—the title jars a little, and hardly suggests a haunted chamber in an old family mansion—certainly strengthens the bill at the Little Theatre. It has a thrill in it, it arrests attention and excites curiosity. During the performance you cannot feel bored. There was some good acting, too. Mr. Halliwell Hobbes pleased the house; Miss Dora Barton played with considerable power; and Mr. Vanderlip, though a little crude in method and stagey (curable faults—due, I think, to inexperience), acted with much ability as the hero.

"Just to Get Married."

Miss Cicely Hamilton's play is good enough to deserve a second visit, since some of its qualities are not easily discoverable on a first; and it has the advantage of possessing a real subject as well as story. Most of the excellent original cast is still in the piece. Whether Mr. Rupert Lister quite replaces Mr. Godfrey Tearle in the part of Adam is a nice question, but his work is of considerable merit.

"Preserving Mr. Panmure."

If Mr. Panmure is to be preserved for long, a good deal of him will have to be amputated. For three hours and a quarter of comic play with moderate intervals, with no prettily sentimental passage, and a very unsubstantial plot, is rather a stiff dose for our playgoers. I am not one of those who pine for "a little bit of sugar" in my drama, who demand a strong plot or a number of thrilling things done on the stage; but I found the play somewhat severely dry in humour, and would have liked a rather closer connection between the fourth act and the rest of the piece. Really, with but trifling alteration, this fourth act might be presented by itself as an independent Gilbertian comedieta, and a very clever one, too, even if some of the humour is rather below the



Skelton Perry (Mr. Charles Bryant). Fanny Perry (Miss Edyth Latimer).
SKELTON PERRY AND HIS WIFE, FANNY, MAKE IT UP, WITH
THE AID OF THE WORDS, "I LOVE YOU," ON A CARD IN
A GLOVE-BOX.

"IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?" AT THE CRITERION.
Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

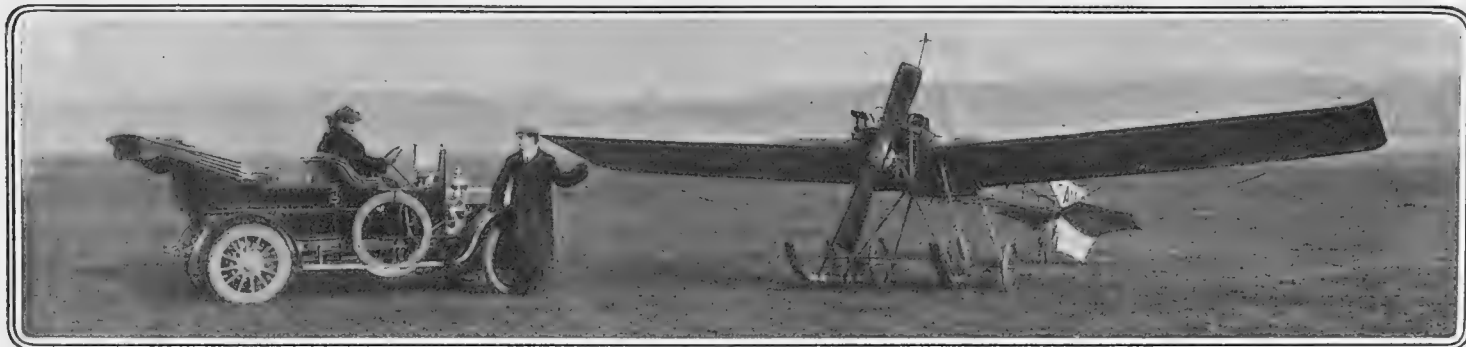
whether you like your laughter or not, you are forced to laugh during most of the evening. The laughter is not of the side-splitting or swelling kind, but belongs to that sort of almost uninterrupted merriment which indicates that the audience is laughing at, not with, the characters, and enjoying their miseries. The performance was quite noteworthy. The "everybody" of the theatrical world will be talking of Mr. Arthur Playfair's wonderful picture of the repulsive Mr. Panmure, which gave me quite a bad taste in the mouth—one does not wonder that Josepha nearly rubbed the skin off her lips after he had kissed them, and one does wonder with horror what were his relations with his beautiful wife. My humble verdict is that Mr. Panmure himself is quite deplorably clever and unadvisedly ingenious. Miss Marie Löhr played admirably the heavy part of the governess, and we had excellent acting from Miss Margaret Leslie and Miss Kate Sargentson, Miss Iris Hawkins and Mr. Dion Boucicault (a little over-farcical), Mr. Dawson Millward (rather too elderly), Mr. Edward Maurice and Mr. Rupert Lumley. The audience seemed to be delighted by the play.



Jasper Stark (Mr. F. H. Denton). Kate Wheeler (Miss Rosina Filippi).
JASPER STARK, THE ONLY HUSBAND WHO HAS BEEN MARRIED
AT THE PROPERLY LICENSED CHURCH, DECIDES TO THROW
IN HIS LOT, AS VOLUNTEER, WITH THE OTHER HUSBANDS.

ALWAYS MERRY AND — FLIGHT: MR. ALFRED LESTER.

"SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.—VIII.



"YES, I QUITE AGREE SHE'S A BEAUTY; BUT ARE YOU CERTAIN SHE'S SAFE? MY 'MOTTER' IS 'ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT,' YOU KNOW; I AM NOT SO SURE ABOUT ALWAYS MERRY AND — FLIGHT."



"WHAT CANDLE-POWER IS IT; OR IS IT RUN BY 'RUSH'-LIGHT?"



"I ASKED YOU TO HELP ME ON, NOT OFF."



"AU REVOIR; I'LL BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE MATINEE — WITH LUCK."



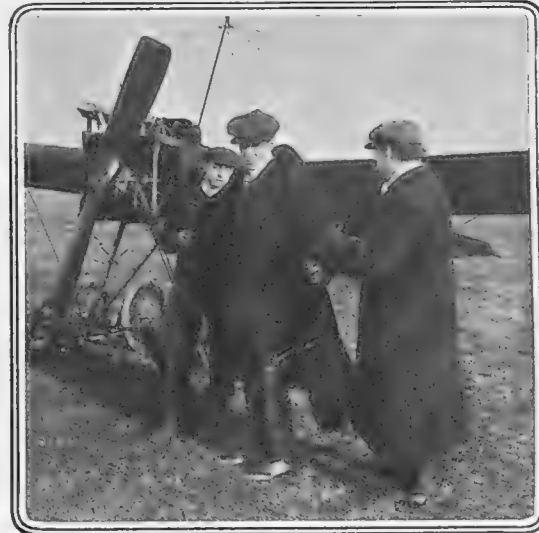
"ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU'RE TURNING IT THE RIGHT WAY? I DON'T REVERSR."



"I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL RATHER SORRY I CAME; I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO RISK OF IT STARTING?"



"WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, HOW I AM GOING TO RAISE MY HAT IF I COME ACROSS ANYONE I KNOW?"



"NO, YOU MUST GET SOMEONE ELSE TO GO UP IN IT. THE HIGHER ATMOSPHERE DOES NOT MATCH MY COMPLEXION."

The following advertisement from a daily contemporary appears a little significant in view of the photographs above: "Campbell-Gray, the photographer, of 88, Edgware Road, having purchased an aeroplane, is desirous of placing same at the disposal of budding airmen, who may be photographed on it. Passenger flights can also be arranged."

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.



MR. R. A. ROBERTS.

IT must be curious for Mr. R. A. Roberts to look back upon the circumstances which gave him success and reflect how easily he might have missed it. He was engaged at Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook's Egyptian Hall of Mystery, in Piccadilly, and was giving an entertainment at the piano and playing a comedy part in the illusory sketch, in addition to an entertainment which he called "Hats and Faces." When Miss Dorothea Baird made her great success as Trilby in the first production of that play at the Haymarket Theatre, he devised a plan by which he was able to change himself into the character and dress of Trilby in the presence of the audience. It was an enormous success. It happened just at that time that he was writing a new sketch to do at the piano. This was the farce which he called "Lucinda's Elopement." A few weeks later it was put on, and the genius of the artist had turned Mrs. Twiddles of Shepherd's Bush, the leading part in "Lucinda's Elopement," into a real personage. As a reward, Mrs. Twiddles of Shepherd's Bush gave her creator a deep draught of the golden wine of success.

Like other entertainers, Mr. Roberts used to accept engagements for private parties, and one evening a music-hall agent heard him and asked whether he would like to go on the halls. Mr. Roberts thought his style was not broad enough for the purpose, but as he was offered a trial performance at the Palace, he accepted, and he performed the farce. The result of that single performance was that he had to make Lucinda clope for three hundred times at that house alone, and it would be difficult to say how many more times at other halls.

In striking contrast with the success of the later years were the hardships which Mr. Roberts had to encounter in the earlier part of his career. After running away from school in Liverpool,

he had Mr. Richard Le Gallienne for a fellow-pupil, he was fetched back home, but insisted on going to work when he was thirteen. One of his duties was to collect the firm's registered letters at the General Post Office every morning. There he used to meet another boy of about his own age, and, as both were stage-struck, they talked of the stage as they walked back to their respective offices. That other boy was Mr. Oswald Stoll.

Mr. Roberts used also to act at the local theatres, and eventually he decided to leave business and devote himself to the stage. He frequently played eighteen parts in a week, so that he had, necessarily, to learn the art of differentiation. In those days he used to write his parts on the blank edges cut off newspapers, pin the slips around the walls of his room, and, when he had had his frugal supper, he would memorise the lines to avoid getting blamed at rehearsal, or, worse still, having his ears boxed.

Eventually he joined the late Wilson Barrett in "The Lights o' London," at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, and as he started by playing five parts a night, it worked out at five shillings a week for each part. Even then his ability to dress quickly was recognised, for he used to finish one scene as a sleek, smart costermonger, and begin the next as a drunken tramp. It was while with Mr. Barrett that he began to write an entertainment with

the hope of using it during the long summer vacations. When the vacation came he started his tour with the laudable but mistaken intention of entertaining the theatre-goers in the villages of Cumberland and Westmorland with a two hours' programme. Then, for sheer hard work, ill-fortune, and privation, the real time of his life commenced.

While performing at Berwick, he received an offer to go to

London to give his entertainment for what seemed the magnificent fee of three guineas. He left on a Saturday night, and, after paying his fare, he had sixpence in his pocket. When he arrived at King's Cross, he paid twopence to leave his bag in the cloak-room, and breakfasted lightly and unsatisfyingly off threepence, thus leaving himself a single penny with which to face the gastronomic needs of that day and the next. A terrible snow-storm was raging, and the whole of Sunday he tramped the streets with nothing to eat until night, when a newsboy gave him a piece of bread, and he bought a cup of coffee with his last coin, preparatory to sleeping on the Embankment. The next morning he tramped to King's Cross, got his bag, and walked, breakfastless, to the hall where he was to appear. There he made some sort of a toilet, and, wondering what he would do for a meal until he got paid after the performance, he went into the Strand. There he met an old actor whom he had previously known. The actor took him into Short's, gave him a big bun and a glass of port, wished him good luck, and went off. Mr. Roberts made a great success that night, but he did not get his three guineas. Instead,

he got an engagement for the next night. When he went for his six guineas, however, the management promised to send it to him; but, on his refusing to go without some of his money, they eventually managed to scrape up ten shillings, which he took on account. After the performance on the Monday, he did get a meal, for he was asked to dinner by the husband of a lady who, with their young son, attended the entertainment. That young son was Mr. Granville Barker.

While on tour with his entertainment in the North, Mr. Roberts met Mr. David Devant, the now famous conjurer, and they joined forces for a time. Mr. Devant eventually left to go to the Egyptian Hall, and one day, as he was passing through London, Mr. Roberts called on him. It was a providential call, for that very day the pianist had fallen ill, and Mr. Devant asked Mr. Roberts to take his place. He did. After the performance he was introduced to Mr. Maskelyne, and was engaged as a sort of useful all-round man. It was in that way he got the chance of proving how great was his ability—an ability which the regular stage will again have the opportunity of recognising as soon as he has fulfilled certain engagements, among them being one in Australia, whither he sails on Feb. 10, taking six and a half tons of scenery and the costumes and properties for four sketches—"Lucinda's Elopement," "Dick Turpin," "Ringing the Changes," and "Cruel Coppinger." Mr. Roberts will make his last appearances in London at the Palladium next week.



THE FAMOUS PROTEAN ARTIST:

MR. R. A. ROBERTS.

Photograph by Hall's Studio.



IN "A POEM IN PANTOMIME": MISS VIOLET FURNIVAL AS THE MOONBEAM AND MISS SAKER AS THE SUNBEAM IN "THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL."

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

a week, and as he started by playing five parts a night, it worked out at five shillings a week for each part. Even then his ability to dress quickly was recognised, for he used to finish one scene as a sleek, smart costermonger, and begin the next as a drunken tramp. It was while with Mr. Barrett that he began to write an entertainment with



IN "A POEM IN PANTOMIME": MISS VIOLET FURNIVAL AS THE MOONBEAM IN "THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL."

"The Birth of the Opal," which is described as "A Poem in Pantomime," and is by Ell. Wheeler Wilcox, was given at the Little Theatre last week at the Oncomers' Society's matinee.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

The Singing Birds of Paradise — Enow!

FOR SALE



7.54973

IV.—THE MEZZO-SOPRANO: "I HEAR YOU CALLING ME."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FOR SALE

HEART CRIES.



THE GALLANT: You look like a blushing rose in the firelight, Mrs. Quickly.

THE WIDOW: Now, I wonder if I can believe that—or if it's the sort of thing you say to every girl.



THE COMÉDIENNE (being funny): Just fancy, we get real money for doing this.

THE PARTNER (sotto voce, and, despite his face, in earnest): Oh, Sal, Sal, is nothing sacred to you?

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

A HEADING FOR OUR CITY NOTES.

FOR SALE



"WEST AFRICANS A LITTLE OUT OF FASHION."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE SUPER-BOY.*

KARL-LUDWIG NIETZSCHE, a young clergyman of the Lutheran Church, "ignoring modern thought and all the agitations and desires of his time . . . followed the safe path of the double tradition, which had at once been revealed by God to the faithful and indicated by Princes to their subjects. His superiors thought highly of him. Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, condescended to take him under his wing, and he might have hoped for a fine career had he not suffered from headaches and nerves." Quiet became necessary to him. He sought a country parish, and that of Röcken was given into his care. Melancholy sat brooding in its doorways, but Nietzsche did not mind it: he liked solitude. At nightfall he would shut himself in his church and improvise upon the organ. He was a great musician. In Röcken, on Oct. 15, 1844, a son was born to the pastor and his wife. He was baptised Friedrich Wilhelm. "Friedrich was slow in learning to speak. He looked at everything with grave eyes, and kept silent. At the age of two and a half he spoke his first word. . . . In August 1848 Nietzsche's father fell from the top of the stone steps leading up to his door, and struck his head violently against the edge of one of them. The shock brought on a terrible attack. . . . Karl-Ludwig Nietzsche lost his reason, and, after a year of aberration and decline, died. All this made a deep impression upon the four-year-old Friedrich. His nights were troubled with visions, and he had a presentiment of some early disaster." When he was in his fourteenth year he wrote of this time: "When one despoils a tree of its crown it withers, and the birds desert its branches. Our family had been despoiled of its crown; joy departed from our hearts, and a profound sadness entered into possession of us. And our wounds were but closing when they were painfully reopened." And he tells how, one night, in a dream he heard the wailing music of an organ, saw a tomb agape, and his father appear, clad in his shroud. The figure crossed the church, to return with a child in his arms. The tombstone moved again, to give passage to the grave, and his father and the child entered into the silence. Soon after, his little brother Joseph fell ill, died, and was placed in his dead father's arms.

In such mood, with such ideas, Friedrich Nietzsche, then six, went with his mother to Naumburg. He led there the solemn and measured existence of the bourgeois society. "Whenever he felt a scruple he would retire to some obscure hiding-place and examine his conscience. . . . His companions nicknamed him 'the little pastor,' and listened, in respectful silence, when he read them aloud a chapter from the Bible." So this queer child "with the bulging forehead and the big eyes" lived his quaint, unboylike life. When he was nine, his tastes widened: a chorus from Handel was a revelation. He studied the piano, improvised, accompanied himself in chanting the Bible, composed fantasies and a series of mazurkas. His mother, remembering her husband's end, was troubled, for he, too, played and improvised. He wrote verses also, dabbled in architecture, and, led to the subject of the siege of Sebastopol, read up ballistics and the defence of fortified places. His precocity endured. He left school, preparatory to entering college at Pforta. His vacation was spent in calling to mind "his boyish past." "Memories came, numerous, vivid, and touching. Nietzsche, who had a lyric soul, suddenly became, as it were, intoxicated with

himself. He took up his pen, and in twelve days the history of his childhood was written."

Of his first year at Pforta there remains one anecdote. "The story of Mucius Scaevola seemed an improbable one to some of his comrades; they denied it: 'No man would have the courage to put his hand in fire,' opined these young critics. Nietzsche did not deign to answer, but seized from the stove a flaming coal and placed it in the palm of his hand. He always carried the mark of this burn, the more visible because he had taken care to keep in repair and enlarge so glorious a wound by letting melted wax run over it." The delight of handling the pen came back to him after this first year, in which he had not felt it; he wrote of his impres-

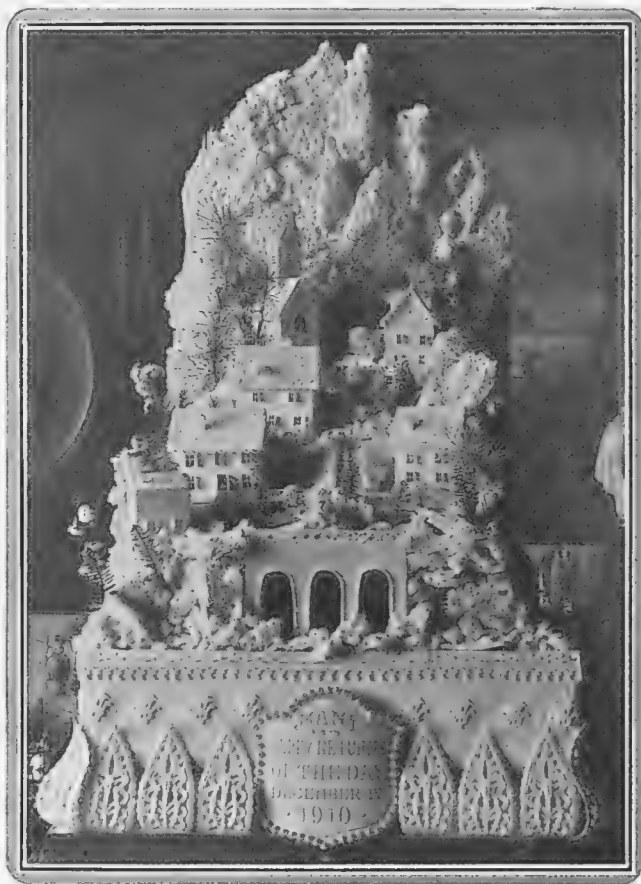
sions of summer. Further, he kept an intimate diary. Closing this, he wrote: "At this moment I feel myself seized by an extraordinary desire for knowledge—for universal knowledge."

"He now mapped out a vast programme of study, in which geology, botany, and astronomy were combined with readings in the Latin stylists, Hebrew, military science, and all the techniques." At seventeen, he was sad: "Too long had he imposed upon himself a painful obedience. . . . He grows weary at last. . . . He would listen to his soul alone. . . . he now wants to be, not a professor, but a musician. . . . He writes incessantly, and not one shade of his unrest has remained hidden from us. He surveys the vast universe of romanticism and of science, sombre, restless, and loveless. This monstrous vision fascinates and frightens him." As summer drew near, Nietzsche suffered severely from his head and eyes. His holidays arrived; yet he went back to Pforta in a wholesome frame of mind: he had explored his doubts. Questions of his future, of a profession, then began to worry him; his last holidays came, and his last year; for the first time in his life, he fell in love—but the girl left Pforta, and Nietzsche returned to his work; he all but failed to pass his final examinations; he left his old school, and left it with pain.

In the middle of October 1862, he went to the University of Bonn, and, on the road, was a little gay. For a few weeks he allowed himself to be absorbed by his new life, of the simple

pleasures of which he made the most. He even fought a duel, to become a "finished" student, and received a rapier-thrust. "The mood of infantile gaiety soon passed away. . . . He . . . decided that he would talk frankly to his friends; that he would try to exercise an influence on them, to ennoble their lives." As a result, he was set aside. "He knew the worst of solitudes, the solitude of the vanquished. . . . He worked energetically and joylessly. Later, he inscribed himself on the roll of the University of Leipsic—and discovered Schopenhauer's "The World as Will and Idea." Emotion followed emotion, idea sprawled over idea. In his twenty-fourth year he was given the chair of Philology at the University of Basle.

So much for Friedrich Nietzsche from birth to manhood, a strange, drab progress. For the rest, a progress and a fall equally strange; and for amplification of the other, M. Halévy's deeply interesting volume must be consulted. It has to tell all that is worth the telling about that "high poet and calamitous philosopher," who, at the breakdown, declared "I am Ferdinand de Lesseps, I am Prado, I am Chambige (the two assassins with whom the Paris newspapers were then occupied); I have been buried twice this autumn," was found "ploughing the piano with his elbow, singing and crying his Dionysian glory, and was introduced into a hospital at Basle." He lived another ten years, the first of them cruel, the later more kindly. He died at Weimar on Aug. 25, 1900.



NOW PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION: A PHOTOGRAPH OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S BIRTHDAY CAKE, AT SANDRINGHAM, ON DEC. 1st, 1910.

This photograph is now published by special permission of Queen Alexandra.

Photograph by Ralph, Sandringham.

* "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. With an Introduction by T. M. Kettle, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net).

SKI - ER DESPERATION !

FOR SALE



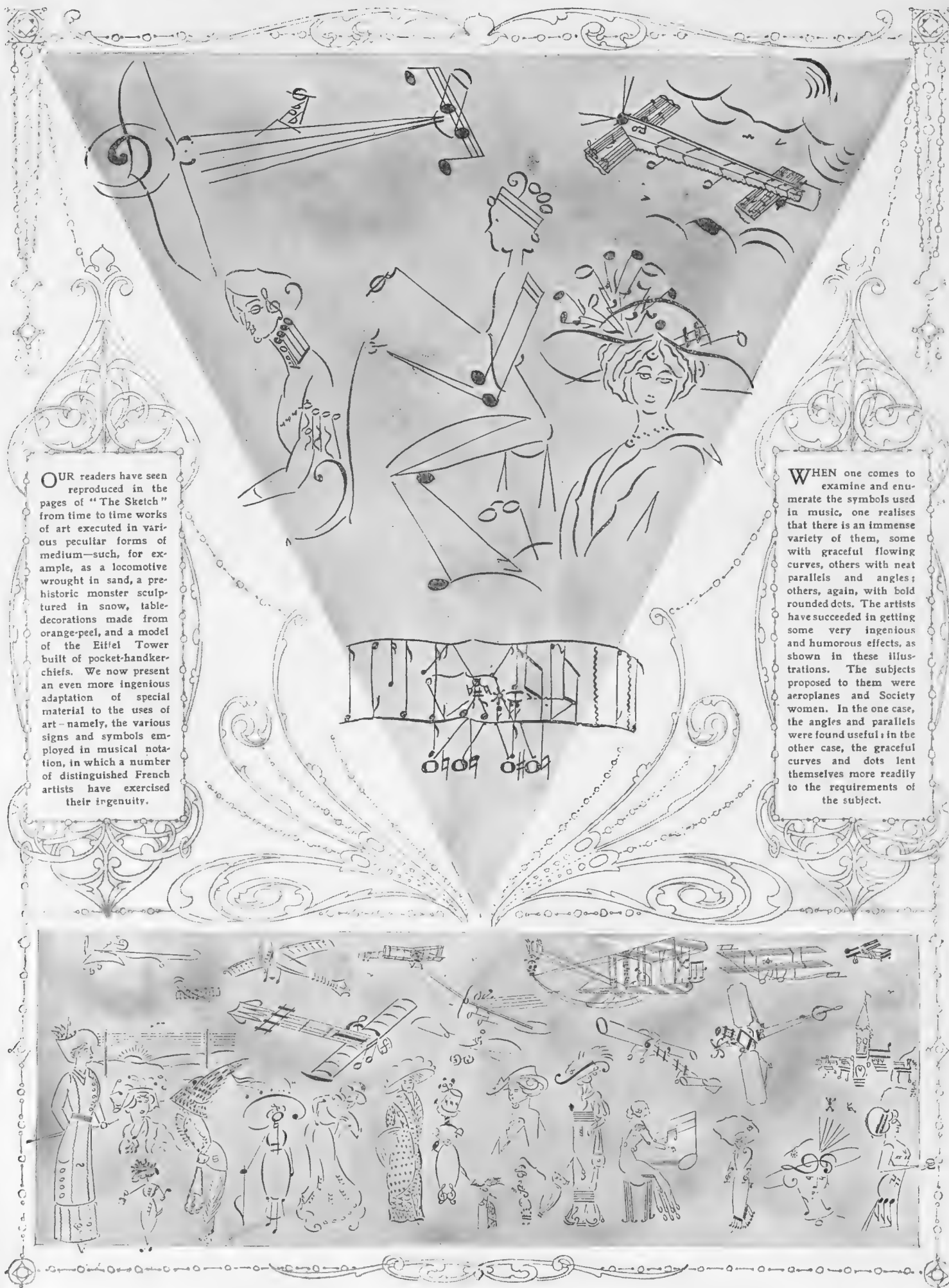
Harry Rountree. 10.

60027. France.

RESCUED — FORCIBLY, WHEN NOT LOST; OR, THE OVER-ZEALOUS ST. BERNARD.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

FROM A CROTCHETY, QUAVERY, DEMI-SEMI-QUAVERY WORLD!



OUR readers have seen reproduced in the pages of "The Sketch" from time to time works of art executed in various peculiar forms of medium—such, for example, as a locomotive wrought in sand, a prehistoric monster sculptured in snow, table-decorations made from orange-peel, and a model of the Eiffel Tower built of pocket-handkerchiefs. We now present an even more ingenious adaptation of special material to the uses of art—namely, the various signs and symbols employed in musical notation, in which a number of distinguished French artists have exercised their ingenuity.

WHEN one comes to examine and enumerate the symbols used in music, one realises that there is an immense variety of them, some with graceful flowing curves, others with neat parallels and angles; others, again, with bold rounded dots. The artists have succeeded in getting some very ingenious and humorous effects, as shown in these illustrations. The subjects proposed to them were aeroplanes and Society women. In the one case, the angles and parallels were found useful; in the other case, the graceful curves and dots lent themselves more readily to the requirements of the subject.

MADE PIANISSIMO AND FORTISSIMO: REMARKABLE DESIGNS IN NOTES OF MUSIC.

All the designs on this page and the next are made up of notes of music. They are the creation of a number of artists, who were requested to draw in this manner a composer, a young Parisienne, and an aeroplane. The aeroplanes in the lower illustration (from left to right in first row) are by MM. Renard, L. Bougard, A. Bernard, Mlle. P. de Pataky, Mlle. d'Hotelans, and Rouffinat. The second row of aeroplanes: by MM. Renard, G. Grange, Mlle. S. de Pataky, R. Thurin, E. Courchinoux, and X—. Society women (from left to right): by MM. Bion-Smyrniadis, Thurin, Toniet, Dumurgier, L. Bougard, F. Prout; Mlle. M. de Habdank, A. Bernard, Renard, Rouffinat, Guiraudy, Thurin, G. Granger; at the bottom three little sketches by Mlles. P. and S. de Pataky and Mlle. d'Hotelans. In the top illustration are designs by M. Godchaux, Mlle. de Habdank, M. Bion-Smyrniadis, M. Barat-Thierry, M. Gojchaux, and Mlle. Blanchet.

NOTED COMPOSERS: MUSICIANS IN TERMS OF MUSIC.

TO caricature a composer or a pianist in pictorial terms of music surely represents the last word in the appropriate. M. Barat-Thierry has produced an extremely clever sketch of a musician at the piano in remarkably few lines, or rather notes, for he has taken no liberties with his medium, and has only allowed himself the use of distinct musical symbols. The result recalls a well-known humorous impersonation of Rubinstein at the piano. As we look at it, we can almost hear, as it were, "the absolutely last chord of the apparently inexhaustible pianoforte-player" sung of so pathetically by the late J. K. S. in his "Lapsus Calami."

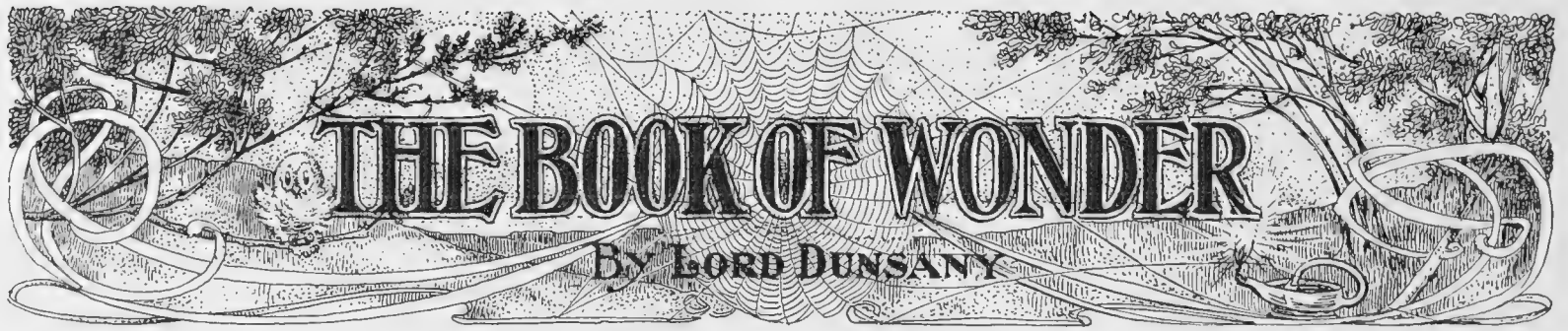


IN the lower illustration on this page various artists have also shown what can be made of musical symbols in the art of caricature. In addition to several pianists, we have a musical prodigy, a composer with a page of his score, seated, and clad in a garb somewhat resembling that of a convict, heads of composers in the throes of composition, a conductor apparently tearing his hair with his left hand while he brandishes his bâton in his right, and a performer on a wind instrument. One of the most striking features of these drawings is the variety of symbols employed to represent hair, always a matter of prominence in the case of musicians.



MADE PIANISSIMO AND FORTISSIMO: REMARKABLE DESIGNS IN NOTES OF MUSIC.

The composers on this page are, like the figures on the preceding page, made up of notes of music. At the top is a design by M. E. Barat-Thierry. Below are designs by MM. Godchaux, Toniet, Guiraudy, Bion-Smyrniadis, F. Prout; Mlle. S. de Pataky, Mlle. d'Hotelans, Mlle. P. de Pataky, Mlle. de Habdank; MM Renard, A. Bernard, Toniet, Courchinoux, A. Temps, G. Granger, L. Bougard, and Thurin.



EPISODE VI.—THE HOARD OF THE GIBBELINS

(See Illustration by S. H. Sime on Facing Page.)

THE Gibbelins eat, as is well known, nothing less good than man. Their evil tower is joined to Terra Cognita, to the lands we know, by a bridge. Their hoard is beyond reason; avarice has no use for it; they have a separate cellar for emeralds and a separate cellar for sapphires; they have filled a hole with gold and dig it up when they need it. And the only use that is known for their ridiculous wealth is to attract to their larder a continual supply of food. In times of famine they have even been known to scatter rubies abroad, a little trail of them, to some city of Man, and sure enough their larders would soon be full again.

Their tower stands on the other side of that river known to Homer—*ἡ ποὺς ὠκεανόν*, as he called it—which surrounds the world. And where the river is narrow and fordable the tower was built by the Gibbelins' gluttonous sires, for they liked to see burglars rowing easily to their steps. Some nourishment that common soil has not the huge trees drained there with their colossal roots from both banks of the river.

There the Gibbelins lived and discredibly fed.

Alderic, Knight of the Order of the City and the Assault, hereditary Guardian of the King's Peace of Mind, a man not unremembered among the makers of myth, pondered so long upon the Gibbelins' hoard that by now he deemed it his. Alas that I should say of so perilous a venture, undertaken at dead of night by a valorous man, that its motive was sheer avarice! Yet upon avarice only the Gibbelins relied to keep their larders full, and once in every hundred years sent spies into the cities of men to see how avarice did, and always the spies returned again to the tower saying that all was well.

It may be thought that, as the years went on and men came by fearful ends on that tower's wall, that fewer and fewer would come to the Gibbelins' table: but the Gibbelins found otherwise.

Not in the folly and frivolity of his youth did Alderic come to the tower, but he studied carefully for several years the manner in which burglars met their doom when they went in search of the treasure that he considered his. *In every case they had entered by the door.*

He consulted those who gave advice on this quest; he noted every detail and cheerfully paid their fees, and determined to do nothing that they advised, for what were their clients now? No more than examples of the savoury art, mere half-forgotten memories of a meal; and many, perhaps, no longer even that.

These were the requisites for the quest that these men used to advise: a horse, a boat, mail armour, and at least three men-at-arms. Some said, "Blow the horn at the tower door;" others said, "Do not touch it."

Alderic thus decided: he would take no horse down to the river's edge, he would not row along it in a boat, and he would go alone and by way of the Forest Unpassable.

How pass, you may say, by the unpassable? This was his plan: there was a dragon he knew of who, if peasants' prayers are heeded, deserved to die, not alone because of the number of maidens he cruelly slew, but because he was bad for the crops; he ravaged the very land and was the bane of a dukedom.

Now Alderic determined to go up against him. So he took horse and spear and pricked till he met the dragon, and the dragon came out against him breathing bitter smoke. And to him Alderic shouted, "Hath foul dragon ever slain true knight?" And well the dragon knew that this had never been, and he hung his head and was silent, for he was glutted with blood. "Then," said the knight, "if thou wouldst ever taste maiden's blood again thou shalt be my trusty steed, and if not, by this spear there shall befall thee all that the troubadours tell of the dooms of thy breed."

And the dragon did not open his ravening mouth, nor rush upon the knight, breathing out fire; for well he knew the fate of those that did these things, but he consented to the terms imposed, and swore to the knight to become his trusty steed.

It was on a saddle upon this dragon's back that Alderic afterwards sailed above the unpassable forest, even above the tops of those measureless trees, children of wonder. But first he pondered that subtle plan of his which was more profound than merely to avoid all that had been done before; and he commanded a blacksmith, and the blacksmith made him a pickaxe.

Now there was great rejoicing at the rumour of Alderic's quest.

for all folk knew that he was a cautious man, and they deemed that he would succeed and enrich the world, and they rubbed their hands in the cities at the thought of largesse; and there was joy among all men in Alderic's country, except perchance among the lenders of money, who feared they would soon be paid. And there was rejoicing also because men hoped that when the Gibbelins were robbed of their hoard, they would shatter their high-built bridge and break the golden chains that bound them to the world, and drift back, they and their tower, to the moon from which they had come and to which they rightly belonged. There was little love for the Gibbelins, though all men envied their hoard.

So they all cheered that day when he mounted his dragon as though he was already a conqueror, and what pleased them more than the good that they hoped he would do to the world was that he scattered gold as he rode away; for he would not need it, he said, if he found the Gibbelins' hoard, and he would not need it more if he smoked on the Gibbelins' table.

When they heard that he had rejected the advice of those that gave it, some said that the knight was mad, and others said he was greater than those that gave the advice, but none appreciated the worth of his plan.

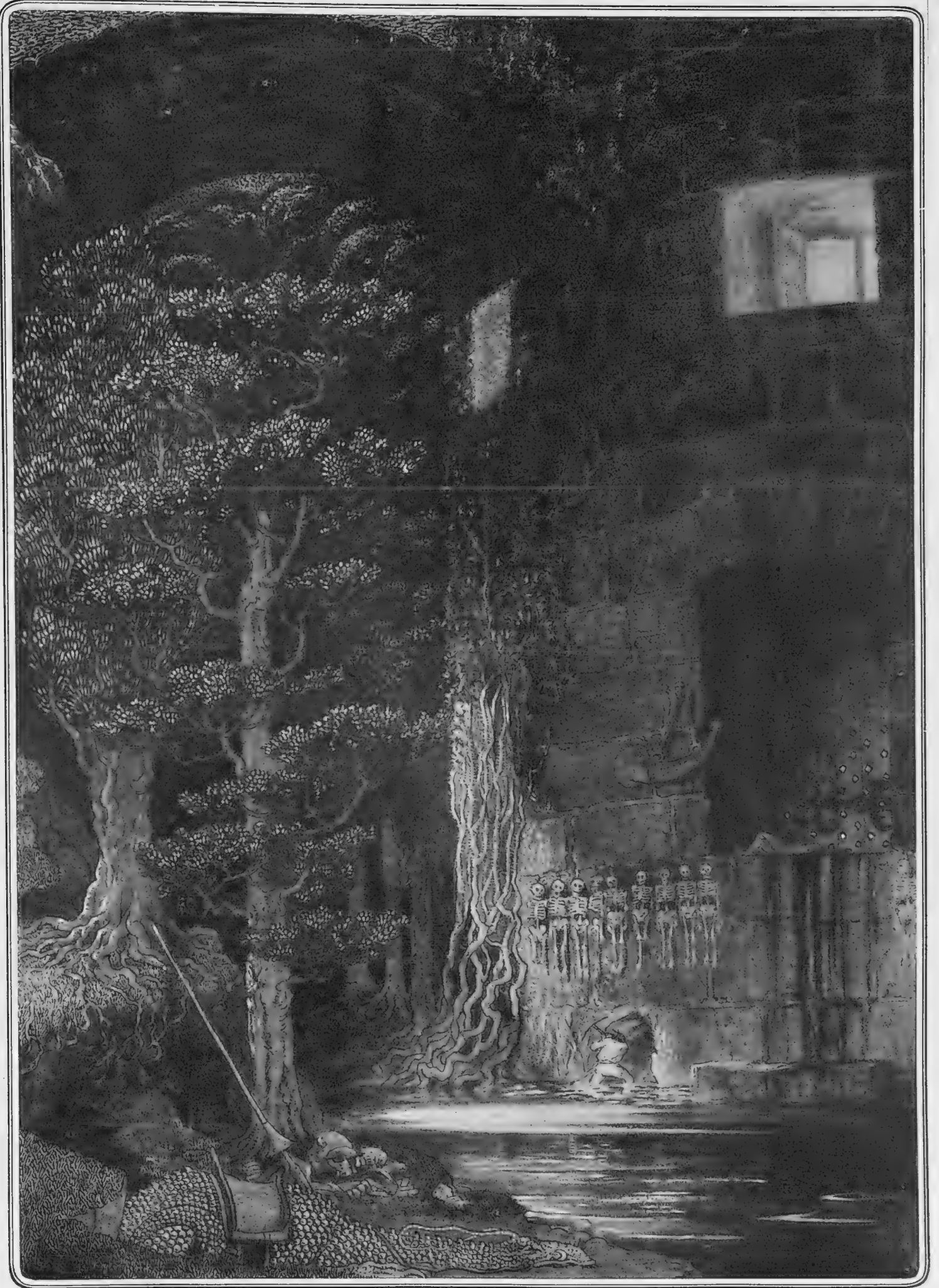
He reasoned thus: for centuries men had been well advised and had gone by the cleverest way, while the Gibbelins came to expect them to come by boat and to look for them at the door whenever their larder was empty, even as a man looketh for a snipe in the marsh; but how, said Alderic, if a snipe should sit in the top of a tree, and would men find him there? Assuredly never! So Alderic decided to swim the river and not to go by the door, but to pick his way into the tower through the stone. Moreover, it was in his mind to work below the level of the ocean, the river (as Homer knew) that girdles the world, so that as soon as he made a hole in the wall the water should pour in, confounding the Gibbelins, and flooding the cellars, rumoured to be twenty feet in depth, and therein he would dive for emeralds as a diver dives for pearls.

And on the day that I tell of he galloped away from his home scattering largesse of gold, as I have said, and passed through many kingdoms, the dragon snapping at maidens as he went, but being unable to eat them because of the bit in his mouth, and earning no gentler reward than a spear-thrust where he was softest. And so they came to the swart arboreal precipice of the unpassable forest. The dragon rose at it with a rattle of wings. Many a farmer near the edge of the world saw him up there where yet the twilight lingered, a faint, black, wavering line, and mistaking him for a row of geese going inland from the ocean, went into their houses cheerily rubbing their hands and saying that winter was coming, and that we should soon have snow. Soon even there the twilight faded away, and when they descended at the edge of the world it was night and the moon was shining. Ocean, the ancient river, narrow and shallow there, flowed by and made no murmur. Whether the Gibbelins banqueted or whether they watched by the door, they also made no murmur. And Alderic dismounted and took his armour off, and saying one prayer to his lady, swam with his pickaxe. He did not part from his sword, for fear that he met with a Gibbelin. Landed the other side, he began to work at once, and all went well with him. Nothing put out its head from any window, and all were lighted so that nothing within could see him in the dark. The blows of his pickaxe were dulled in the deep walls. All night he worked, no sound came to molest him, and at dawn the last rock swerved and tumbled inwards, and the river poured in after. Then Alderic took a stone, and went to the bottom step, and hurled the stone at the door; he heard the echoes roll into the tower, then he ran back and dived through the hole in the wall.

He was in the emerald-cellar. There was no light in the lofty vault above him, but, diving through twenty feet of water, he felt the floor all rough with emeralds, and open coffers full of them. By a faint ray of the moon he saw that the water was green with them, and, easily filling a satchel, he rose again to the surface; and there were the Gibbelins waist-deep in the water, with torches in their hands! And, without saying a word, or even smiling, they neatly hanged him on the outer wall—and the tale is one of those that have not a happy ending.

THE END.

THE BOOK OF WONDER: BY LORD DUNSANY AND S. H. SIME.



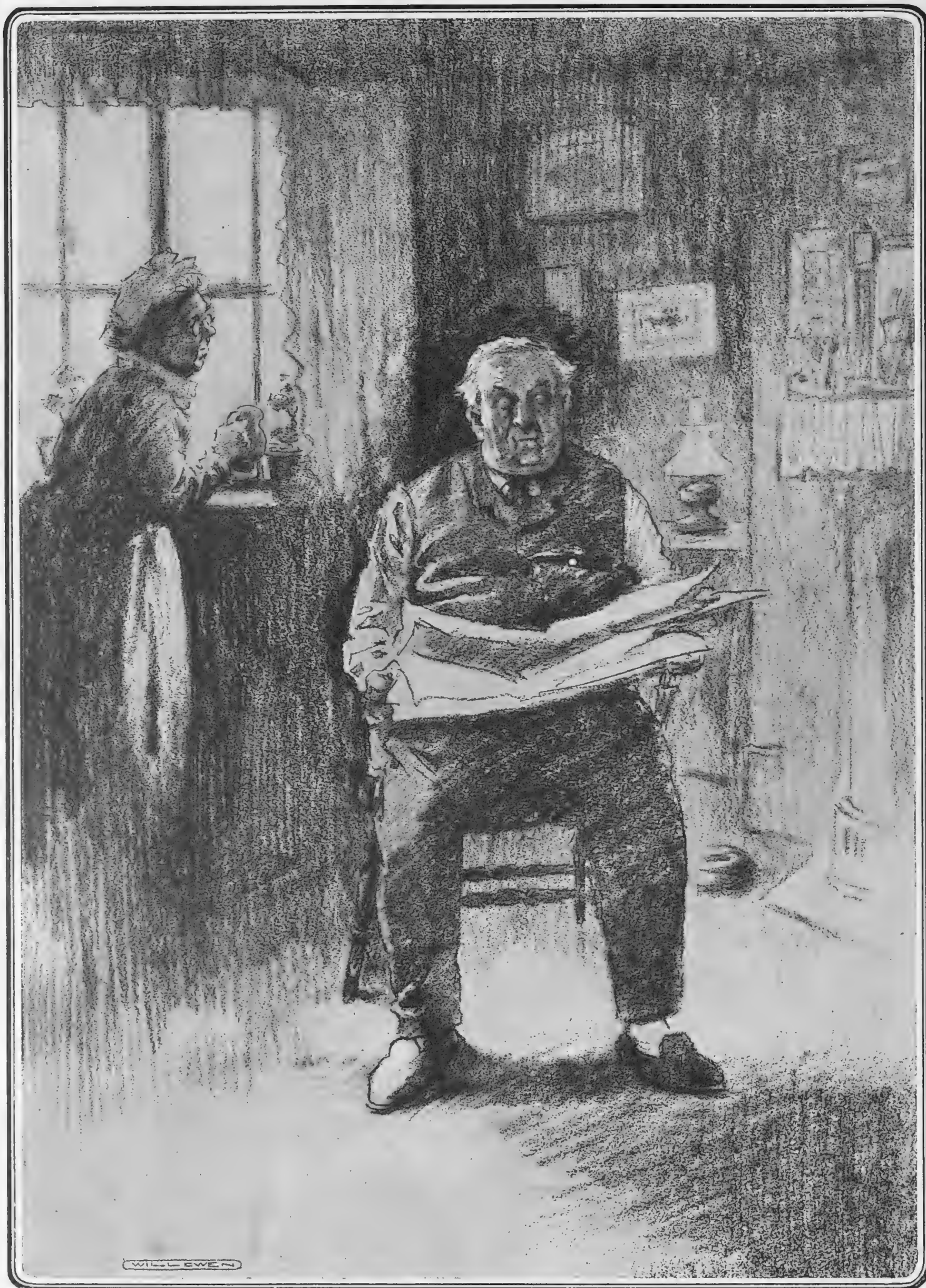
EPISODE VI.—"THE HOARD OF THE GIBBELINS."

"Alderic dismounted and took his armour off, and, saying one prayer to his lady, swam with his pickaxe . . . Landed the other side, he began to work at once, and all went well with him. . . . The blows of his pickaxe were dulled in the deep walls. . . . At dawn the last rock swerved and tumbled inwards, and the river poured in after. Then Alderic took a stone . . . and hurled the stone at the door. . . . Then he ran back and dived through the hole in the wall. He was in the emerald cellar. . . . Easily filling a satchel, he rose again to the surface; and there were the Gibbelins waist-deep in the water, with torches in their hands. And, without saying a word, or even smiling, they neatly hanged him on the outer wall."

After the Drawing by S. H. Sime. (For Lord Dunsany's Story, see Facing Page.)

FOR SALE

THE POINT OF VIEW.



MRS. MOULD: John dear, do you remember old Mr. Miserskin?

MR. MOULD (*the undertaker*): Don't I! Plain oak and brass fittings!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

FOR some time past there have been rumours that all is not well with the kennels, and there seems reason to believe that in some few counties hounds have been suffering rather badly from a form of the mysterious disease or diseases called distemper for short. So serious has the outbreak been in certain quarters that a friend sent me a cutting from a daily paper in which it was suggested in all seriousness that a commission should sit upon distemper as one sat recently upon grouse disease. Happily, there was no suggestion that the results of the new commission should not be more definite than those of its prototype, for as far as the plain man can see, the grouse commissioners have only succeeded in talking of the disease as Mrs. Betsy Prigg, in the height of her anger, spoke of Mrs. Harris. Perhaps it would be fair to look farther abroad than some of our critics are prepared to do for some of the causes of the existing trouble. They are all ready to find fault with local conditions, but many of them

overlook the truth that in some of our hunting country there has been a deliberate interference with the natural order of things. I refer, of course, to the importation of foxes, which, in spite of the acknowledged danger and difficulty of the proceeding, and the corruption it brings about, is still practised to a ridiculous extent.

When I was recently in the extreme North of England—in Cumberland and Westmorland, to be precise—I was told by a good many dalesmen that it was a very profitable undertaking to send young cubs down to the grass-lands. Now I have seen the mountain fox hunted among the northern fells, and I can testify to the splendid qualities of the animal, which contrives to baffle an army of men and dogs. Needless to say, it cannot be followed on horseback, and generally ends by taking refuge in some rocky tunnel where dogs cannot follow. It preys upon lambs, and is said by some of the dalesmen to have exterminated pine martens, but, whatever its misdeeds, it is one of the strongest and most resolute of our British fauna. At the same time, it may be that, when transferred from the hills to the dales, the mountain fox will not thrive. The new conditions, once it is accustomed to them, are far easier than they were at home. Without any exercise of the kind he has been accustomed to, Reynard soon loses an important part of his characteristics. Moreover, he finds food very easy to acquire, and often eats things that are not good for him, things he would

never have found in his native wilds. Bad health follows, without always taking the disgusting form of mange. Hunts come along, the fox is run down and eaten up by the indiscriminating pack. It need hardly be suggested that if the fox was not in good health he is not likely to agree with hounds. I am inclined to think that before the recent outbreaks of illness in the kennels are taken too seriously, strict inquiry should be made as to the source of fox-supply, and if it can be shown that foxes have been brought from one county to another, or from the hills to the grass-lands, this procedure should be brought to an end.

No man can live in the country without becoming aware that Nature has her own way of working, and that with that way our acquaintance at the present time is of the very briefest description. To interfere is to court disaster. We can see this in the far-away Colonies; where many interesting birds and beasts have been either reduced or exterminated by the introduction of some British fauna. For

example, I have been reading lately that the introduction of the fox into Australia has reduced the beautiful lyre-bird well-nigh to vanishing point. The introduction of the stoat into New Zealand is bringing the flightless kiwi to an unnatural end. The introduction of pigs into Mauritius left the dodo with nothing more than the immortality that Lewis Carroll has conferred upon it.

Many old followers of hounds have the firm belief that the transfer of foxes from one part of the country to another is responsible in part for mange; and although the average hunting man is seldom able to claim much scientific knowledge, he often knows a great deal about his favourite subject, and has gathered his knowledge first-hand. Curiously enough, as soon as anything is wrong with a hunt, we find somebody coming along to restate the claims of the drag. These claims receive prompt acceptance from every class but one, and this class is hunting-men. To them it is about as near to the real thing as the vegetable steak of the vegetarian restaurant is to the product of the silver grill. If the drag were ever substituted for the fox the deliberate extermination of Reynard would only be a matter of a few years. He would fare in the South as he does in the North, and be shot on sight, with this difference: that among the hills he has a fair chance of getting away, but on low-lying lands his shift would be short. He is only tolerated by farmers because, in the long run, he brings back more than he costs. MARK OVER.



MRS. HORACE WEST, WHO, AS PLAINTIFF IN THE SLANDER ACTION AGAINST HER FATHER-IN-LAW, WON HER CASE, AND WAS AWARDED £1250 DAMAGES.

Reproduced by the Courtesy of the "Daily Chronicle."

MRS. HORACE WEST'S SLANDER ACTION AGAINST HER FATHER-IN-LAW, SIR ALGERNON WEST.

The introduction of the stoat into New Zealand is bringing the flightless kiwi to an unnatural end. The introduction of pigs into Mauritius left the dodo with nothing more



SIR ALGERNON WEST, AGAINST WHOM MRS. HORACE WEST (HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW) BROUGHT THE SLANDER ACTION.

Photograph by R. Haines.



LADY GROVE.

Of the £1250 damages they awarded to Mrs. Horace West, the jury apportioned £250 for the statement to Lady Grove. In all, the jury were given four questions to which to reply. They found that the words complained of were spoken by Sir Algernon West to the Lord Chamberlain and Lady Grove. The defendant has decided to carry the case to the Court of Appeal.

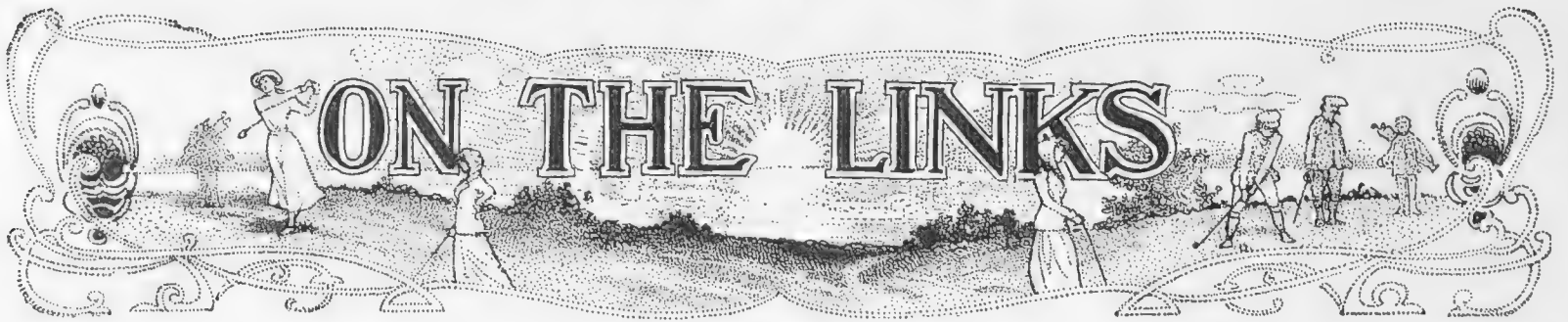
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



EARL SPENCER, THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Of the £1250 damages they awarded to Mrs. Horace West, the jury apportioned £1000 for the statement to the Lord Chamberlain.

Photograph by Thomson.



By HENRY LEACH.

Ladies' Competitions. The game of the ladies, so far as they who look on are able to judge, does not seem to have diminished in interest, neither does the L.G.U. appear to have halted in its progress because the establishment of a rival organisation has been threatened, and really rather more than threatened. On the contrary, the Union that controls the game seems to be, in this Coronation year, in a happy way, and, with a fine clearness of conscience and a strength in its own convictions, to be sublimely disregardful of all the criticisms that are urged against some of its systems by envious men who, as some say, have little enough justification for teaching anybody what golf government should be. I have just been looking over the list of the ladies' competitions for the year, and am impressed by its possibilities for interest. Women golfers have a genius for competitions. In proportion to their numbers they have far more of such competitions of an official or semi-official character than the men have. They have thought of and executed—I think that is the proper word—every different kind of championship, and some of their discoveries are interesting. Despite the use of the word "executed," and despite that men golfers generally, particularly those of the famous old school, are supposed severely to condemn any excess of golf competitions, we are not out to do that same in these notes. It is a very arguable matter, as I discovered the other day when I had to set out to argue about it. It was urged that if you must absolutely abolish the competitive spirit and kill the instinct, then you must abolish matches, and one golfer should never try to hit the ball further than the other, or to putt it more exactly on the true line to the hole. At this point, the

contentment and happiness when the championship is at Portrush, as it is this year. Then the Irish Ladies' Championship is to take place at Malahide at the end of that month; and in the middle of June the Scottish ladies are to play for their own championship on the most famous Scottish course of all—St. Andrews, of course. And there are many other events besides.

Coronation Contests.

I dragged the Coronation in at the beginning of this article because one of the most popular and interesting competitions of the L.G.U. is that which goes on from year to year for the "Coronation" medals, as they are called, these events having been started at the time of

the last Coronation. Men have often wondered what kind of a competition this is, and they may be told that the L.G.U. gives a medal to each county containing three L.G.U. clubs, which is played for twice in each year under handicap. Each club in the county in rotation has the option of holding the competition on its course. A lady may play in any county where she has a club, and three consecutive wins in one county, or six in all, entitle her to the possession of a duplicate medal, the originals being challenge medals. To win a Coronation medal is the ambition of those not good enough ever to win a championship. But in this new Coronation year the ladies are to have a new Coronation competition, and both to the players and the general public it will be the most interesting of all, and will bring the best players close to London, where we may see them gain their victories. It is under L.G.U. management, and will go by the name of the *Lady's Pictorial Coronation Competition*, the three cups, each worth £30, which are to be competed for having been presented by the



CROSSING THE "RIVER."



SPECTATORS CLIMBING OVER A BUNKER.



LADIES CROSSING THE BURN.

AS IT WILL NO DOUBT BE IN MAY: FOLLOWING GAMES AT PORTRUSH, WHICH IS TO BE THE SCENE OF THE CHIEF INTERNATIONAL MATCHES AND THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP THIS YEAR.

Photographs by Sport and General.

anti-competition party was in such a tight corner that they pointed out that the rain had left off, and that we might as well make a start and get it over.

Portrush. The ladies will make a real beginning to their season on April 25 and 26, when their competition meeting for the decision of international and other competitions will be held at Ranelagh. This is always a great affair, with a very big entry. After that, there will be something going on nearly all the time. The chief international matches and the Ladies' Championship will be held at Portrush in the middle of May. It always seems that Portrush is to ladies' golf very much what St. Andrews is to men's. Most of the best women's golfing traditions belong to it. It claims the two best girl-players of modern times as its own—Rhona Adair and May Hezlet, now respectively Mrs. Cuthell and Mrs. Ross. Therefore, there should be joy and

weekly journal of that name. It will be a very thorough kind of thing. For its purpose the United Kingdom will be divided into eight sections, and in each of these a qualifying-score competition will be held, after the fashion of the professionals' great autumn tournament. The makers of the two best scratch scores, the two best scores under handicap from scratch to 12, and the two best scores from 13 to 25—that is to say, six players from each division—will be selected to play for the three cups in match tournaments, which will be held on a course near London next June. The final affair will be divided into these three classes, the winner of each receiving a cup, and the runner-up a small replica; while the journal will present memento medals to all who qualify for the final stages. It seems to be the most thorough competition of its kind that has ever been arranged for ladies, and its success is guaranteed.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Bibendum Right at Home.

On Friday last, with interesting ceremony, and short speeches from Mr. E. M. Manville, M.I.E.E., the President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, his Excellency the French Ambassador, and Mr. Edouard Michelin, Bibendum in all his glory was installed in his new home in the Fulham Road. On an island site offering a superficial area of no less than 22,000 square feet, a dwelling perfect in its ultra-French taste and appointments has been built unto the coily one, that with his ever-increasing bulk he may have room to turn himself. For long past he has been cribbed, cabined, and confined, so that his extra inflation only tended to jam him the more immovably in the confined space hitherto available. Now he can swell and swell and swell galore, with surroundings most admirably fitting to his Gallic origin and most suitable to his complexion. Above the handsome porched drive, where half-a-dozen cars can stand at rest, is a large window casement, surmounted by a bold design in stained glass representative of the well-known figure "drinking" obstacles. Right heartily does he quaff a brimming measure of brickbats, flint stones, and granite chunks.

Tyres, Tyres, and Again Tyres!

But he really is *bien placé*. Passing the alcoved porch, by the mysteriously self-opening doors, one finds the huge sales-room and the entrance-hall. On the left is a unique introduction in the conduct of a tyre business, consisting of a touring office, which will be in full working order in the early spring. In a well-appointed department everything that can prove useful in mapping out an automobile tour will be found ready to hand. Large scale-maps will depend from the walls, and a specially trained staff will be present to assist motorists in everything connected with tours which they may propose to undertake. Beyond is the repair department, where all covers and inner tubes sent for treatment are examined and reported upon by experts. Then come the spacious in-going and out-going stores; and, descending by lift to the basement, we find the tyre-store proper: tyres to right of us, tyres to left of us, tyres all round us; pile upon pile, stack upon stack, row upon row—tyres of all sorts and sizes, to the value of a king's ransom; easy storage of 25,000 covers and 30,000 tubes.

Speedometers for All.

I must, I fear, plead guilty to a weakness for speedometers. To my mind, no car is complete without one, and the motorist who is not interested in the tales his speedometer and distance-recorder can tell him is no true automobilist. Time was when reliable instruments of this kind commanded value exceeding that of rubies; but to-day that is all altered, and any man who can afford a car of any pretensions whatever can buy unto himself a good speedometer. I am moved to this musing by the receipt of a delightful catalogue from Messrs. S. Smith and Son, Ltd., of 9, Strand, wherein, amongst

other fascinating things for car-adornment, speedometers most do prevail. Therein are no fewer than eleven different types of these "Perfect" instruments, suitable to all pockets and adaptable to all purposes. They range from £3 10s. to £25 in price, and from the simple type, showing speed and total distance covered, to others presenting a speed-dial, a total-distance recorder, and a set-able trip-recorder, the speed-dial having an adjustable highest-speed indicator, an eight-day clock, and an electric communicator. The catalogue mentioned deals with the celebrated "Goldenlyte" lamps and many other fascinating accessories, which I have no space to particularise.

The Naïveté of the Road Board.

It is, of course, early days to look for the effect and influence of the Road Board, particularly if, as I see it chronicled, the Board cannot hearken to complaints as to bad roads except from Rural District Councils. At least, so the Board has written to a motorist who ventured to draw their attention to a certain bad stretch of highway (was it the Bath Road beyond Maidenhead?), and I can very well fancy that it must have cost Mr. Rees Jeffreys a very considerable effort to have dictated such a reply. There is something more than ludicrous in the notion, for, from what I know of the constitution of Rural District Councils, they are quite the last set of people to convict themselves out of their own mouths. If we are

to wait for elementary bodies to move in such matters, then better had the Road Board never been born, and Mr. Rees Jeffreys translated thither from a post of infinite usefulness to automobilism.

There yet remain six days before the period allowed by law to those who must renew licenses for motor-cars, dogs, guns, men-servants, heraldic bearings, and so on expires, and that space of time is ample for any motorist who has yet to pay these fees to take thought as to the persecution he and his kind have suffered in police-trapped counties, and send his form, with cheque and stamped addressed envelope, to the

postmaster of any post-office within a clean county. By the invocations of certain council clerks and chief constables, it is obvious that the boycotting of police-trapped areas by motorists is already being felt, and no motorist can be true to himself and his cult who fails to assist in driving this salutary lesson home. Pay no licenses in unclean counties, the chiefest of which are Surrey, with sixty traps; Sussex, with forty-three; Hants, thirty-four; Yorkshire (West Riding), thirty-two; Middlesex, twenty-seven; London, twenty

three; Kent, eighteen; Lancashire, eighteen. In none of the other areas do the totals rise to ten, while the virgin counties are Bedfordshire, Cornwall, Derbyshire, Durham, Herefordshire, Leicestershire, Monmouthshire, Northants, Rutland, Suffolk, Wiltshire, and Worcestershire. These should have the motorist's money.

[Continued on a later page.]



BIBENDUM IN STAINED GLASS: THE PATRON SAINT OF THE MICHELIN TYRES IN APPROPRIATE FORM.

The photograph shows the main entrance of the Michelin Tyre Company's new premises, which are in the Fulham Road, Chelsea.



RETURNING FROM THE BIG-GAME COUNTRY: A HUNTING PARTY IN A MOTOR-CAR, WITH THEIR BAG.

The photograph shows how the motor-car is used by sportsmen in Southern California, for carrying hunting parties to the big-game country, and also the novel method of bringing home the bag.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Horses to Follow.

I have just received some thousands of letters from correspondents who were invited to select twelve horses to follow during the coming flat-racing season, and an analysis of the answers shows at least that some animals are great favourites with the public. A large majority of the selectors go for such as Sunder, Lonawand, Halcyon, Pietri, Sir Martin, and Swynford. These are all good horses, that should pay for following, although in one or two cases the prices will be short. Of course, they are, in the case of Swynford, for instance, taking book form too seriously. True, he beat Lemberg in the St. Leger; but he ought not to have done so, and I think the race for the Gold Cup will show that I am right. Lonawand has had a rest during the winter, and he is very likely to come to hand early. He will probably run for the Lincoln Handicap if the weight suits, and if he starts he will go close. As I have stated before, Halcyon is booked by many good judges as a very likely horse to win the City and Suburban. Sir Martin may win a big handicap if he is not kept for the Cups. He is a real good horse when he is well. Pietri

is a winter favourite for the Derby, in which he will be ridden by Maher. He is a very nice colt, and looks like improving. It is said he is shy at the gate, but I think he will grow out of this fault. Sunder is one the public have been waiting for, and the first time he starts for a handicap he is certain to carry a lot of public money. Of other horses that are fancied by the public for future events mention may

be made of The Story, who was tried to be a good animal last spring, but he did nothing until the autumn.

Jockeys at Play.

The flat-race jockeys are enjoying their holiday, and the majority of them should be fit by the time the flat-race season opens. Maher is at St. Moritz bob-sleighing and ski-ing. He is an adept at both. J. H. Martin, Lucian Lyne, and William Griggs are also at St. Moritz. The latter, it may be noted, plays the piano very well, and is in great request when singers have to be accompanied. Trigg has been hunting regularly this winter. He will have to do some wasting presently, but he is always as hard as nails, and is one of our best middle-weight riders. He began life as an attendant on polo ponies. The brothers Frank and Stanley Wootton go in a lot for billiards on their father's private table. Frank often rides over hurdles on the training-grounds. He is very well, but seems to be putting on weight too fast. It is the general opinion that one of the best light-weights this year will be Huxley, who is apprenticed to R. Wootton. He is as quick as lightning out of the slips, and shows wonderful judgment in a close finish. His services will be in great demand. The same can be said of Rickaby, who is apprenticed to Leach at Newmarket. The boy has lost his claim to the allowance, but he is such a masterpiece in the saddle that he is certain to get plenty of riding. Walter Griggs is getting over his serious illness. He will ride for Gilpin's stable this year, and should stand well in the winning list. Randall, who goes in for hunting, shooting, and riding a motor-bike, is always very fit. He will get some fine mounts this year, as Persse has

some good horses in his stable, and the Duke of Westminster's two-year-olds are said to be a bit above the average.

Starting Price.

It is really marvellous the number of winners under National Hunt Rules that are backed away from the course. I see one critic suggests that bookmakers should be admitted free to the rings, to ensure a better market; but it is known that most layers are dreadful cowards, and they will not, if they can help it, offer anything like a fair price about a probable winner. The result is that owners have to resort to other means to get a market; but it often happens that the money gets back to the course, and the price is forthwith shortened to a very great extent, and the coup is spoiled. I should like to see starting-price coups done away with, if it were possible to obtain fair prices on the spot; but it seldom is. I have heard of as many as five of these coups per day at the winter game, and a great many of them come off trumps; while it often happens that the animal which is made the medium of an away plunge has not a ghost of a chance on the book. He wins,

nevertheless, and by doing so, confounds the little punter, who believes in religiously following form. The only people who consistently make money at the winter game are the professional backers. These gentlemen have to work the commissions for the owners, and they know the stables that are safe to carry their own money, while it is said that, in some cases, they stand the money when, in their opinion, the

horses supposed to be backed have no chance. These commission agents are on a good thing to nothing every time, and they have nothing to pay out for expenses of ownership. True, they occasionally make bad debts, but very seldom, as they know their men, and they stand down directly they hear that a young plunger is fast approaching the end of his tether.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

Lord Lonsdale's resignation (says the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*) has been made known by means of a letter to the secretary of the Hunt. In it he gives his reasons. Last March the committee took upon itself to vary the conditions under which the M.F.H. had agreed to hunt the country. These variations later were set aside by the general meeting of the Hunt, and thereby the M.F.H. was allowed to have his own way, except that he has not been paid the full guarantee. This attempted interference by the committee has caused the M.F.H. to say that there is an increase of opposition from the committee, whose chairman, and chairman of committee, have opposed the M.F.H. from the first. So that really it has now come to this, that the committee must be changed or the Hunt must accept Lord Lonsdale's resignation. How the difference of opinion has arisen it is easy to gather from Lord Lonsdale's letter. . . . There is a general principle involved, one which cannot fail to cause great interest, and it will probably settle the question whether it is possible for a Master to do the utmost for the Hunt's pack while he possesses a pack of his own, and maintains it through the females.



A MEET OF THE WILTON FOXHOUNDS, AT TEFFONT: THE FIELD AND HOUNDS IN FONTHILL PARK
AFTER A KILL BY THE LAKE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Paradise for Play.

Here, up at Wengen, in the Bernese Oberland, a village hanging on to the ledge of an Alp, and consisting of a couple of luxurious hotels—the Palace and the Victoria—with a handful of others perched in the full sunshine, and surrounded by those improbable Swiss chalets which never look real: here is a veritable paradise for play, in which everyone is the same age—the jocund years when it doesn't matter if you find yourself suddenly plunged into five feet of snow. For gaiety is catching at an altitude of 4400 feet above the London slush and fogs, under a sky of jewel-like blue, and with the High Alps dressed out in their sumptuous ermine mantles. Everyone plays—all day, and in the strenuous British fashion—at Wengen. There is no shirking, no lounging and smoking after lunch, and even after tea it is the custom to sally forth again to toboggan wildly down the village slopes towards Lauterbrunnen, shrieking "Achtung!" as you speed into space and a cloud of snow. The most imposing persons indulge in these surprising antics, and you may see the headmaster of a famous school, a scarred veteran of many battlefields, or, as I beheld with my eyes to-day, the most celebrated English novelist of the day ending this Valkyrie-ritt head foremost in the snow. And once you have acquired the habit, this practice of gliding about on your own small toboggan has undeniable charm. And so it is that everyone, old and young, from seventy to that engaging age when walking is a new and fascinating form of sport, goes about in these Alpine resorts trailing a wooden "luge" behind him by a string.



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FOR THE EVENING: A DINNER-GOWN OF OYSTER-WHITE SATIN, WITH CORSAGE AND TUNIC OF GOLD-COLOURED CHIFFON.

The corset and tunic (cut shorter in front) are edged with dyed lace embroidered with small gold beads. A wide gold cord passes round the waist above a narrow pleated frill of the chiffon, and a large bunch of violets should be tucked in at the side.

apparently of so engrossing a nature as to permit of no other interest or topic of conversation. And one can well believe that this great Norwegian sport is eminently exhilarating and exciting. To see the experts tackle a "leap" and fly before your eyes in mid-air is as fascinating as watching a crack aviator. And, as women are always to the front in dangerous amusements nowadays, we have the new type of the "ski-girl." The English "young person" has taken to ski-ing with marked felicity and success. She looks uncommonly saucy in her abbreviated skirt, her peaked hood, and woolly jacket, with rosy cheeks and eyes made radiant by danger braved and overcome, for no one can say that ski-ing down a stiff mountain slope is easy. But the modern girl, in this sport as in all other things, shows herself adroit, alert, and thoroughly self-reliant. To hear her bantering her masculine companions of an evening, it is evident that she

runs just as many risks as they do, and is thoroughly capable of looking after herself.

Tartarin Up to Date.

For no one need suppose that we are anything but highly civilised of an evening at Wengen, however quaint a figure we may cut in the day. Even Alphonse Daudet's immortal Tartarin, when he imagined a Switzerland owned and "run" by a syndicate, did not invent so complete a scheme of comfort as has been realised to-day. Pretty women dressed as they would be in a big London restaurant; men tubbed, "groomed," and in the evening attire of civilised man; Debussy, played by a celebrated pianist, after dinner; a telephone to all quarters, and even up the Jungfrau; a cuisine which puts to shame the Swiss table d'hôte of our childhood, with the inevitable *riz et prunes* which so vexed the soul of the Southern Tartarin: all these things add to the amenities of life in mid-winter among the High Alps. And that this love of winter sports is not a passing fashion is evident, for every year brings more crowds of English folk to all the Alpine centres, and every year the young and active in spirit essay these outlandish pastimes, finding health and a curious pleasure in mastering them.

Undegenerate Britons.

This desire for outdoor sports and games in midwinter, this nostalgia of the mountains, this craving for the joyous air of the high altitudes of Europe, is a healthy sign in an over-civilised, or at least an over-luxurious, people like the English. There is not much wrong with the rising generation when they are eager to travel into the heart of the Continent and back for a brief week's tobogganing, ski-ing, or skating. Many toiling young folk, and many more who neither toil nor spin, look forward all the year to the rapture of their annual winter holiday among the august silences, the towering peaks of the Bernese Oberland. In this eternal quest of bracing air and vigorous muscular exercise the British are unlike the people of any race that has ever swayed mundane destinies. Others have come, enjoyed a brief or a long splendour, and then have gradually deteriorated in a luxurious effeminacy. But there is something in the Northern-bred Briton which defies the insidious foe of degeneration, and in the last analysis this quality will be found to be his capacity for keeping the Boy in him alive. It is his singular youthfulness, at all ages, which is the peculiar characteristic of the Englishman of the upper and middle classes. When he is but an urchin he is more mischievous, audacious, and light-hearted than the children of other nations; as an undergraduate, he is more of a lad; and in middle age, his vigour and vivacity, his eternal love of games testify to the simplicity of his tastes and his innate boyishness.



[Copyright.]

FOR THE AFTERNOON: A GOWN OF SLATE-BLUE CASHMERE-DE-SOIE, WITH A WAIST-BAND OF CRIMSON SATIN.

The gown is made all in one, fastening invisibly on the shoulder and down the left side. A broad band of deep crimson satin encircles the waist, finishing with a bow in front. The undersleeves and neck-piece are of Persian embroidery in dull gold and crimson.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

No Wasp Waists. There was a promise—or was it a threat?—that small waists were once more to be the fashion.

There were many members of our sex delighted. They possessed waists capable of reduction to nineteen or twenty inches, and saw their way to a lead in the newest clothes. There were more, who have revelled in the comfort of the straight-fronted corset, who hailed this report with consternation, and its denial is to them a blessed reprieve. All indications of fashions to come are of the wider waist; there seems, indeed, a strong inclination towards Empire fashions. If we returned to the wasp waists we should have to stop the physical development of our sex, in which scientific men see so much hope for the future of the race. We should have back the women who live on rose-leaves and faint on the smallest provocation. There is, I think, no danger of a relapse into small-waisted fashions at any time, because women are now possessed of larger quantities of common-sense.

At Court at Vienna. The first State ball of the year at Vienna revealed the fact that the Empire style of dress is the favourite. It was more worn by the women of the Austrian nobility and royalty than any other. It was observed, also, that for young girls a certain tulle shot with tinsel of different colours was in great favour, and that it made delightfully pretty and light ball frocks. Four young Archduchesses made their first appearance at Court. One was the Archduchess Agnes Marie Thérèse, youngest daughter of the Archduke Pierre, of the second or non-reigning branch of the imperial family. The Archduchess is nineteen. Another was the second daughter of the Archduke Leopold Salvator, the Archduchess Marie Immaculée, who is eighteen; and then there were the Archduchess Elizabeth Françoise, daughter of the Archduke Franz Salvator, and the Archduchess Mechtilde Marie Christine, the eldest unmarried daughter of the Archduke Karl Stephan. The Heir Apparent was not present, because Court etiquette gives his morganatic wife no precedence. They have two sons and one daughter; the girl is nearly ten years old, and the elder boy is in his ninth year. Their father renounced all rights of succession for them when he married. The heir in the younger generation is the elder of the two sons of the late Archduke Athon François Joseph, Archduke Karl Franz, who is twenty-four, and occupies a high position in the army.

Weddings and Presents. Coronation year comes in with a regular ringing of wedding-bells. There are many reasons besides weddings that presents will be needed in this historic and brilliant year. At Mappin and Webb's fine establishments—158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; and 220, Regent Street—all is in readiness to meet this demand. There are lovely tea and coffee services in silver and in Prince's Plate which are reproductions of the best work of the Georgian period, which will be the correct thing for our fifth Georgian era. There are complete dinner-services in Prince's Plate of Georgian

style; and there are fork-and-spoon cabinets, always most suitable gifts, in many styles, the cabinets themselves forming charming pieces of dining-room furniture in the period, whatever it may be, of the furnishing and decoration of that room. Some silver almond-dishes with Georgian edging are also sure of favour in this year, for they are very handsome. Jewels must, of course, play a prominent part in the great doings of this great year. A collection of really beautiful diamond necklets, which also form the now fashionable low tiara, is to be found at these establishments; so, too, are fine collections of the most beautiful dark, lustrous New Mine sapphire-and-diamond ornaments. A novelty for the season for brush-backs, mirror-backs, and all requisite toilet accessories is enamel on silver. This is done in lovely and varied colours, and is not difficult to keep clean, while it is now possible to produce it at moderate price. There is the finest collection of exclusive designs in hand-bags to choose from. A good private collection of fine old Sheffield plate, recently purchased by the firm, offers a choice of unique presents. At the moment there are odds-and-ends from the various departments being sold at very considerable reductions after stocktaking.



HALF AND HALF: DUAL PERSONALITIES AT THE ROLLER-SKATING PRESS CARNIVAL.

At the Roller-skating Press Carnival, held recently at the Earl's Court Rink, a most effective study in the value of sharp contrasts was presented by these costumes.

Photograph by Sport and General.

as Marchioness of Granby, she combined the joys of art with the duties of Society. The bride's father, one of the tallest and most genial of our Dukes, is a typical Englishman. With their Graces of Beaufort and Somerset, he would complete a trio proving that,

physically, English Dukes are not men to be overlooked. About the Ladies Manners there is strong individuality and highspirits. They do everything, and they do most things well; so it is that we seem to hear more of them than of other young ladies occupying a similarly exalted position.

Our contemporary the *Lady's Pictorial* is, we observe, taking up Auction Bridge, which is rapidly becoming the most popular card game with smart ladies who like to be up to date. In its issue of Jan. 7 there began a series of articles by "Marteau," giving instruction in the principles of the game, and also the first problem of a competition in which money prizes are to be awarded to the successful competitors. The time for sending in solutions to the first three problems of the series has, by the way, been extended until Feb. 8, so that there is still time for any of our readers who wish to do so to enter the lists as competitors. We remember what a big thing Bridge was when it first started, and wonder if Auction Bridge is going to be the same.

In our Issue of Jan. 4 we gave some photographs of Miss Anna Held riding astride, stating that the habit she wore was designed by herself. On the latter point, however, we have received a correction from Messrs. Hyam and Co., the well-known tailors and outfitters, of Oxford Street. "This habit," they write, "was designed and made by us for Miss Held, and is like thousands of others we have made for our clients at home and abroad."




A "SKETCH" PICTURE COME TO LIFE: FRANK HAVILAND'S "PIERRETTE" PERSONIFIED AT THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB FANCY DRESS BALL.

At the Playgoers' Club Fancy Dress Ball, held at the Connaught Rooms on Wednesday of last week, one of the prettiest costumes was that of Miss Barringer, who impersonated "Pierrette" after Frank Haviland's painting in our Christmas Number. The Pierrot seen in the above photograph was Mr. Cachemaillé.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

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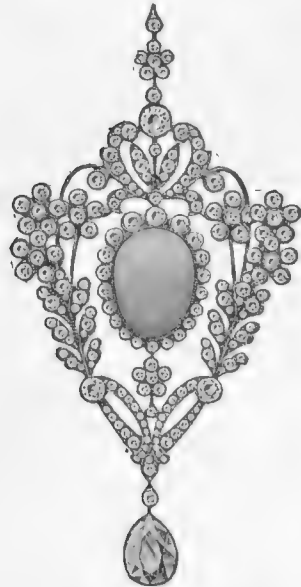
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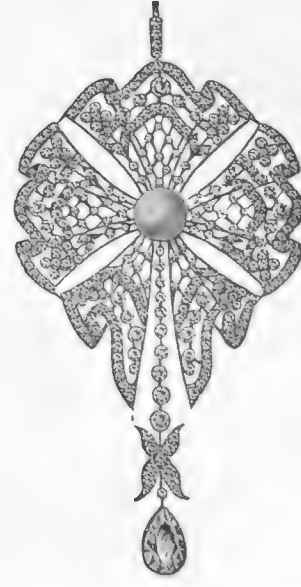
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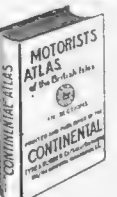
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THE REVIVAL of the WORK of DOWNMAN

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HIGHAM.

MOST of us had accepted it as a matter of course that when a man like Downman passed away there would be no one to take his place, and yet it seems that, though some men are great in their time, in some future age another man arises on the horizon equally as talented, and seems to be the reincarnation of the master of the past.

From 1779 to 1824 Downman was the most celebrated master of portraiture in water-colour and pencil. His work had a touch that stamped it for all time alongside of the creative work of the world's greatest artists. He seemed to be able to give to a portrait that subtle touch that made it live.

Those who are fortunate enough to-day to possess portraits painted by this famous man, have an heirloom that is almost priceless.

A little while ago, I found, stored away in a box, a faded daguerrotype of my grandmother on my mother's side. This was a valuable "find" for me, because, as far as the family knew, there was no portrait in existence of grandmother. Though to a certain extent the likeness was still there, it was quite apparent that, before it had been exposed to the air very long, the cracking would increase, and ultimately the picture would disappear.

I went to several photographers to try and have the daguerrotype reproduced, but only with mediocre success.

Talking to an artist friend of mine one evening, the subject of daguerrotypes and their reproduction came up; and this man, quite an authority in his way, said to me: "Why don't you show it to Keturah Collings? He is quite a different sort of man from any other man you have ever met connected with photography. He seems to take a peculiar pride in his work, quite apart from mere money-making. Photography seems to have a certain unique fascination for this man."

"I believe," my friend said, "that he could give you as good a portrait of your grandmother from that little tin-type as Downman would have given you from the original." So one day I dropped in at Mr. Keturah Collings' studios at 73, Park Street, Grosvenor Square; and it took a very few minutes to convince me that here was a man who would stand out from his fellows in this generation as an artist in portraiture of singular ability.

I asked Mr. Collings how it was possible for him to get the sort of pictures he showed me from such poor material, and he said: "It is largely a matter of what one really wants to do. I had always admired the work of Downman and the eighteenth century artists, and I thought

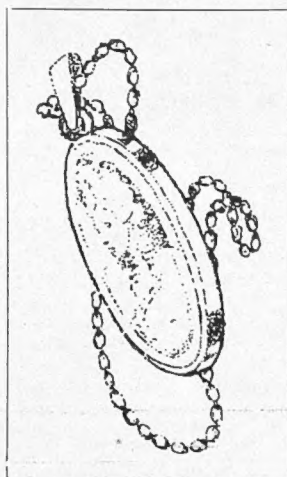
that, if I did not consider cost in any way, I might be able to get a lens that would give me a perfect copy of the original; and then, by taking the impression on fine hand-made paper and finishing the portrait as one would work on a miniature, with a very fine and delicate water-colour, removing the old and obsolete background, and with a few strokes of a pencil indicating the dress, the picture would then have the touch of the old Masters. I believe I have succeeded in this, but you shall be the judge, Mr. Higham. If I cannot get a portrait that your mother will say is a perfect picture of her mother—provided, of course, that the daguerrotype you now hand me was a good likeness—you need not pay me. I have old photographs sent me from China, India, Siberia, Western Australia, and the other day, singularly enough, an English lady sent me from Corea an old portrait of her mother for reproduction in pencil. This is very gratifying to me, and encourages one so. I think," said Mr. Collings, "that there is a little more in business than mere money-making, for if any man will do his work well, and only sell it for what it is worth when it is well done, he will make considerably more money and reap infinitely more ultimate advantage than if he is merely in commerce for commerce sake; and, further, I see no reason why a man should not be an artist and a successful business man as well."

I left this singular and decidedly interesting personality, and did not hear from him again for five days, when the postman brought me a package. When I opened it I could scarcely believe my eyes. It seemed like my grandmother alive again. In fact, to me (with my temperament), the portrait was almost uncanny, and it impressed all the rest of my family in the same way. We all have one of these portraits now, and would not part with them for anything else we possess. You may have the same inclinations that I had.

All I can say is, that if you have a portrait, no matter how old it is—an old snap-shot, or a figure in a group, that you would like to have copied in the really artistic manner one rarely sees nowadays, it will be worth your while to send or take it to Mr. Collings and have his opinion on it. If there is any work being done by any photographer in this or any other country that compares with Mr. Collings' work, I and my artist friends have never heard of it.

Emerson once said that if a man writes a better book, or builds a better house, or does anything better than his fellows—no matter if he is in the middle of a forest—the world will make a pathway to his door.

Mr. Collings' doorstep is well worn now, and he should need a new one before many years have passed.



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A PUNCTUAL PROGRESS

(With apologies to Sir W. S. Gilbert). - IV.

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That General Manager he was made.
On "Keystone-Elgin" time intent,
His staff at the Office like clockwork
went.

Yes, he trained his staff so carefuller
That now he is Director at a big fat
fee!



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Preserve Your Skin
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from the effects of the
Frost, Cold Winds,
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"Larola"
Regd

will Entirely Remove and Prevent all Rough-
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Will Keep the Skin
Soft, Smooth, and
White

DURING THE COLDEST WINTER.

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Bottles, 1/-, 1/9, and 2/6 each, of all
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may be, it occasionally loses its
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ROSE BLOOM" is exactly what
is wanted. It will enhance the
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wonderfully improve indifferent
ones. It gives "THE" Beauty
Spot! Its Tint is Nature's Own!
Perfectly Harmless.

Boxes, 1/- and 2/6 each.

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Is unrivalled for evening use. It
instantly hides all Redness and
Blemishes on Neck and Arms. It
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"LAROLA" Toilet Soap

Possesses to a large extent the
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Larola," and though it has not the
permanent effect which that prepara-
tion has, still it will do all and more
than any other Soap has hitherto
done to aid in keeping THE SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH. It is
specially adapted for use by those
whose skin is very sensitive and
delicate. It is PERFECTLY
PURE, and gives a RICH
CREAMY LATHER. "THE"
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Is unequalled for Preserving and
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Discolouration, Kills the GERMS
which cause decay, and prevents the
Gums becoming Soft and Spongy.
It imparts a delightful feeling of
Freshness and Coolness to the
mouth. Tubes, 1/-

"LAROLA" Hair Grower

Is delightfully REFRESHING and
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recommended when the hair is fall-
ing off or weak. For Baldness, or
when the Hair has fallen in patches,
it has been found marvellously
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LONG GLOSSY HAIR. It
also removes all Dandruff, and
keeps the Skin of the Head clean
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A Prospectus has been issued which states amongst other things that the full prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies. The List of Subscriptions opened on Tuesday, the 24th, and will close on or before Friday, the 27th day of January, 1911.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN BANK, LTD.,

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

CAPITAL - - - £1,500,000

Divided into 300,000 Shares of £5 each.

40,000 Shares of £5 each will be held in reserve for future issue as and when required for additional working capital and the general purposes of the Company

Issue of 260,000 Shares of £5 each at par,

PAYABLE—				
On Application -	-	£0	10	0 per Share.
„ Allotment -	-	£1	10	0 „
„ 3rd March, 1911		£1	0	0 „
„ 3rd July, „		£1	0	0 „
„ 3rd November, „		£1	0	0 „
		£5	0	0 „

Payment may be made in full in advance on allotment or on 3rd March or 3rd July, 1911, and the Shares will rank for dividend as from the actual dates of payment.

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CHARLES GREENWAY, Esq., Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Director of the Imperial Bank of Persia.
HERBERT J. W. JERVIS, Esq., Freston House, near Ipswich, Director of the Capital and Counties Bank, Limited.
ROBERT LOGAN, Esq., 2, Knarborough Place, S.W., of the National Bank of New Zealand, Limited.
SIR FRANCIS W. LOWE, M.P., 2, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.
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GEORGE P. SECHIARI, Esq., Palmerston House, Old Broad Street, E.C. Messrs. Rodocanachi, Sons and Co., Bankers.
J. BOWRING WIMBLE, Esq., Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Director of C. T. Bowring and Co., Limited.

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LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, 72, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches.
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HERMAN LESCHER, STEPHENS AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 6-8, Clement's Lane, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.) AND OFFICES.

G. A. KEMP, 75 and 76, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

The Anglo-Russian Bank, Limited, has been formed by a combination of English and Russian capitalists with the primary object of acquiring an important interest in the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank of St. Petersburg, which has ninety-nine Branches, Sub-Offices and Agencies throughout Russia. In pursuance of a Resolution passed at a Special Meeting of its Shareholders, and with the sanction of the Russian Minister of Finance, a Branch Office of the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank has been opened at 75 and 76, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

The Empire of Russia offers a splendid field for the investment of Capital. The Construction of new Railroads, Harbours and Docks, the Development of Waterways, Irrigation Works, the Introduction of improved systems of Water Supply and Drainage, Electric Lighting, and other public works now under contemplation, will justify the raising of a large amount of capital by issues of Government, Guaranteed, Municipal and other Loans. These issues will afford opportunities for profitable transactions of the first importance, in which the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank and the Anglo-Russian Bank, Limited, may expect to participate.

The following is a statement in £ sterling of the profits earned and dividends paid by the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank for the past ten years, according to its published Balance Sheets and Accounts. Exchange has been taken at the fixed rate of 94.50 Roubles per £10, fractions of £1 being omitted.

Year.	Share Capital Paid up	Profits.	Dividend, Per cent.	Year.	Share Capital Paid up	Profits.	Dividend, Per cent.
1900	£1,058,201	£39,830	3.6	1905	£1,058,201	£93,613	7
1901	1,058,201	46,110	3.6	1906	1,058,201	123,585	9
1902	1,058,201	64,038	5	1907	1,190,476	144,131	9.6
1903	1,058,201	70,166	6	1908	1,587,302	175,561	9
1904	1,058,201	88,555	7	1909	1,587,302	205,205	9

In June and October, 1910, the paid-up Capital was further increased by amounts aggregating £1,058,201, thereby making the total paid-up Share Capital £2,645,503.

The present issue of 260,000 Shares of £5 each would, when fully subscribed and paid up, provide the Anglo-Russian Bank, Limited, with a capital of £1,300,000, which will be available for the working capital and general purposes of the Bank, subject only to payment of the expenses of formation and of this issue and the consideration for the option mentioned below. It is intended to invest a substantial portion of this sum in the purchase of Shares of the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank, which would upon the basis of the Dividends now being paid produce an immediate income on the Share Capital now offered for subscription. The profits of the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank should continue to show the same expansion as in the past, which, coupled with the new income to be derived from the opening of the Branch Office in England, should permit of the payment of larger dividends on its shares.

The Anglo-Russian Bank should have no difficulty in realising very profitable results quite apart from its holding of shares in the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank. The Anglo-Russian Bank will undertake the following business—

- Negotiate, underwrite, or issue Russian or other Government Guaranteed Bonds and Securities and Municipal and other Loans of an approved nature.
- Discount and make advances on negotiable securities, warrants, bills of lading, and similar documents.
- Act as Agents for Bankers and others in Russia and elsewhere for the collection of funds, Bills and Notes of Hand, coupons and dividend warrants.
- Act as the London Representatives of Foreign Banking and like institutions and for the payment of coupons or dividend warrants on Government, Municipal, or other Bonds and Shares.
- Carry on the businesses usually carried on in London by Foreign Bankers in connection principally with Anglo-Russian commerce and trade.

An official quotation on the London Stock Exchange of the Shares of this Bank will be applied for in due course.

The minimum subscription fixed by the Articles is 100 Shares, but the Directors will not proceed to allotment on the present issue unless 240,000 Shares of £5 each are subscribed.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of this Bank, also of the Statutes, Balance Sheets, and Accounts for the years 1900 to 1909 inclusive, and Monthly Statement of Dec. 1 to 14, 1910, of the Russian Commercial and Industrial Bank, and copies of the Contracts, Letters, Memoranda, and Circulars can be seen at the offices of the Solicitors of this Bank, at any time during business hours while the Subscription List is open.

A brokerage of 1s. per Share will be paid on allotments made upon applications bearing Brokers' stamps.

Application for Shares must be made on the form accompanying the Full Prospectus and forwarded, together with a cheque for the amount payable on application, to the Bankers. If no allotment is made the application money will be returned in full, and where the number of Shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any excess will be returned to the Applicant.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which alone applications will be received) and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of this Bank and from the Anglo-Russian Trust, Limited, 24, Throgmorton Street, E.C., the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

THE RUSSIAN COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL BANK.

The authorised Capital of the Bank is 25,000,000 roubles, divided into 100,000 Shares of 250 roubles each, all of which have been issued and are fully paid up.

COUNCIL.

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THE OFFICES OF THE BANK ARE:

ST. PETERSBURG. Head Office: Great Konjuschennaja 27, and 7 Branches.
MOSCOW. Central Office: Ribnij Pereulok and 2 Branches.
LONDON. 75 and 76, Lombard Street, E.C.

AND NINETY-NINE PROVINCIAL BRANCH OFFICES, SUB-OFFICES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT RUSSIA.

MONTHLY STATEMENT, 1/14th DECEMBER, 1910 (summarised).

In accordance with Russian law, the Bank publishes each month a statement of its liabilities and assets, and the figures for the month of December last are given below. The exchange is taken at Rs. 94.50 per £10 sterling, omitting fractions of £1.

LIABILITIES.		Rbbs.	£	ASSETS.		Rbbs.	£
Capital, fully paid	...	25,000,000	2,645,503	Cash in hand and at Bankers	...	7,360,215	778,859
Reserve Fund	...	6,021,744	637,222	Bills discounted, &c.	...	69,940,360	7,401,006
Bank Premises Redemption Account	...	88,138	9,327	Advances against Government Stocks and other Securities—			
Current Accounts, Deposits, Bills negotiated and special				(a) At Call	...	27,093,391	2,867,086
Current Accounts	...	123,080,135	13,024,353	(b) Notice	...	1,221,399	129,245
Correspondents	...	23,307,943	2,466,449	Advances against Bills, Merchandise and documents of title to Merchandise—			
Branch Accounts	...	32,699,629	3,460,278	(a) At Call	...	43,016,159	4,551,974
Cheques Outstanding	...	681,239	72,089	(b) Notice	...	6,282,305	664,800
Interest on Current and Deposit Accounts	...	3,364,489	356,030	Investments—			
Interest and Commissions received for 1910-1911	...	4,362,064	461,594	(a) Russian Government Guaranteed Bonds	...	1,507,334	159,506
Repayment of debts already written off	...	69,491	7,354	(b) Other Investments	...	2,305,523	243,971
Sundry Creditors	...	2,640,298	279,396	(c) Russian Government Guaranteed Bonds specially allocated to Reserve Fund	...	6,011,492	636,137
		Rbbs. 221,315,170	£23,419,595	Foreign Monies, Bills and Cheques	...	868,303	91,884
				Correspondents	...	17,569,252	1,859,180
				Branch Accounts	...	30,007,332	3,175,379
				Current Expenses	...	2,379,823	251,833
				Bank Premises, comprising Head Office and Branches	...	2,179,920	230,670
				Protested Bills	...	266,827	28,236
				Sundry Debtors	...	3,395,475	349,786
						Rbbs. 221,315,170	£23,419,595

Bills for Collection and Securities in safe custody . Rbbs. 66,313,154 £7,017,265

This Form may be cut out and sent to the Bankers, LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 72, Lombard Street, E.C., or Branches, or to the CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK LIMITED, 39, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or Branches.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN BANK, Limited.

To the Directors of THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN BANK, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of 10s. per Share on application for Shares of £5 each in the above-named Company, I request that you will reserve for me that number of Shares, upon the terms of the Company's full Prospectus, dated the 20th January, 1911.

Usual Signature
Address (in full)
TO BE WRITTEN DISTINCTLY. Title, Rank, Description, } or Occupation
Date 1911
Name (in full).....
(Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)